

PLUCK AND LUCK

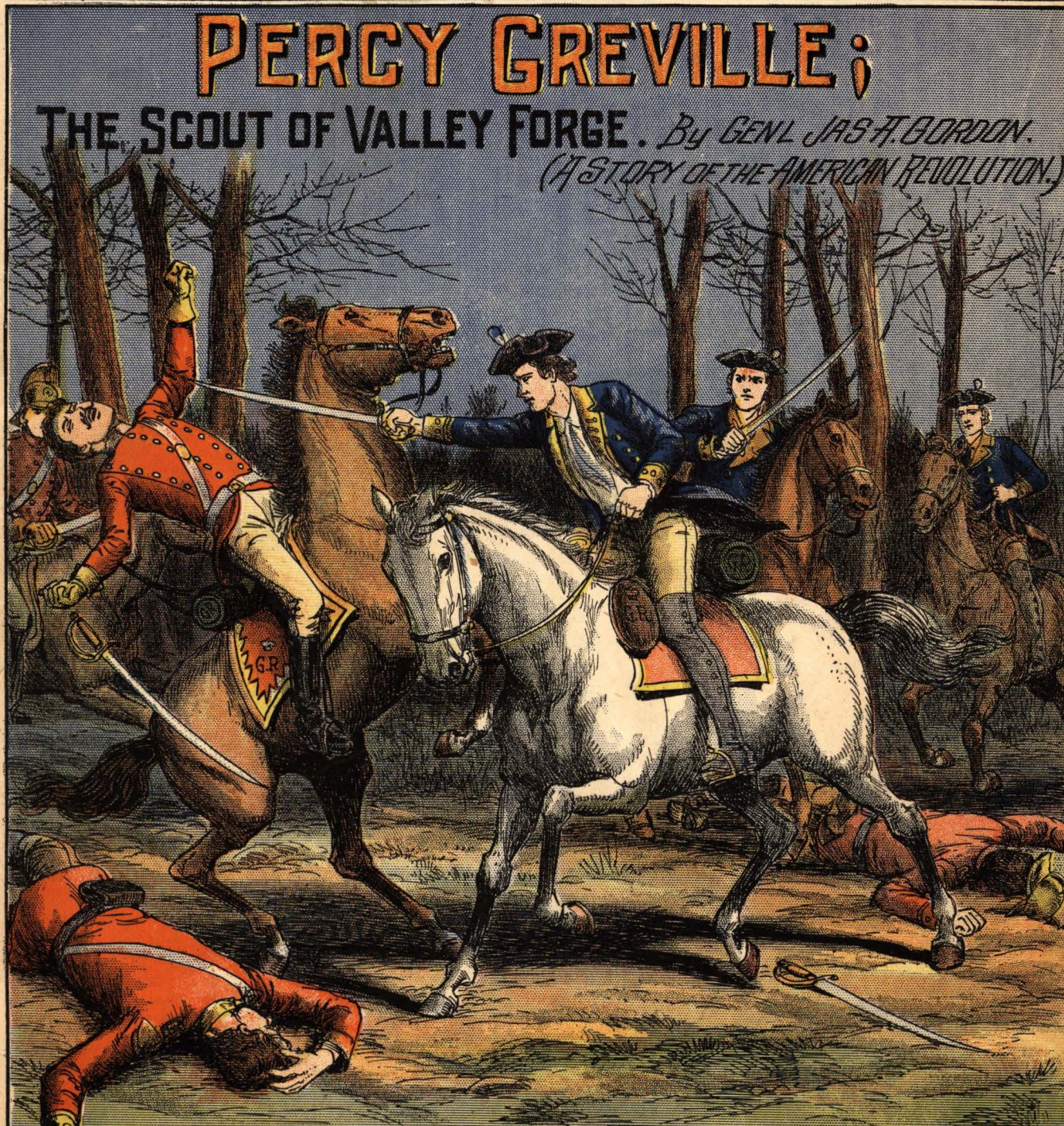
COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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PERCY GREVILLE

THE SCOUT OF VALLEY FORGE

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY GEN'L JAMES A. GORDON.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT A YOUNG SOLDIER SAW AT VALLEY FORGE.

As long as people read just so long will stories of the American Revolution be written. Old families having records of the brave deeds of their ancestors are continually bringing them to light, placing documents in the hands of historians to place them before the public. Old, musty, faded documents are hidden away all over the thirteen states composing the United Colonies during the eventful period of the Revolution. Now and then they are discovered and given to the world, and thus the making of history goes on.

The winter of 1777-8 was passed by the patriot army in camp at Valley Forge. It was such a severe one that the story of the sufferings of the patriots in that camp not only makes the saddest page of our glorious history, but challenges the admiration of the world for courage and devotion.

Among the brave soldiers in the ranks of those starving, freezing heroes was a youth of nineteen years, tall, straight and manly in bearing. He had been nearly two years in Gen. Wayne's command, faithfully performing every duty devolving upon him.

One day he was walking about in the deep snow in the forest, above the spring which supplied the camp with water, when he saw the commander-in-chief standing near a large tree. He recognized the hat and cloak the moment he saw them, and stopped, as if fearing to intrude upon the privacy of the great leader of the American army.

But he kept his eyes on the stalwart form of Washington, and saw him kneel in the snow, under the leafless branches of the great tree, and remain several minutes in that devotional attitude.

The sight filled him with awe, and he took off his hat and knelt, too, instinctively remaining in that position until the great Virginian had risen to his feet and walked away, as though he had seen no one else there.

From that moment the young soldier was a changed man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the colonies was fully confirmed. He had been doubtful before. Now that he had seen Washington kneeling in the snow when he thought none but God saw him, he no longer doubted.

When he returned to his miserable companions, who were trying to keep from freezing by huddling together over a small campfire, he was silent and thoughtful.

"I've not been doing my full share in this war," he muttered to himself. "Old Francois taught me the use of arms and said I was the best swordsman in America when I was but sixteen. He said my nerves were steel and my eyes an eagle's, and that I was the third charmed life that he had met with in his career, and he had served in France and Austria. There's Captain Wilde. I'll ask him to let me go foraging," and he hastened to meet the captain of his company.

"Captain," he said, "we are starving and freezing. Let me have five comrades and I'll have provisions for our company in a few hours."

"Where will you get them?" the captain asked.

"From the tories. I know every tory family within fifty miles of this camp."

"But our foraging parties have been scouring the country every day for many weeks, and there are no provisions to be had."

"But I know of some places they have not visited—rank tories, too—who have plenty of provisions. Let me go and get some for our boys."

"I have no right to send you out unless ordered to do so. But if you can bring in any food, you will not be punished for so doing."

The young soldier construed that as a permission to go. In ten minutes he and five others slipped out of camp, crossed the line, for guards were not vigilant when the cold was below zero, and hastened away in the direction of Philadelphia, which was twenty miles away from the American camp.

They did not carry their muskets, but each man had a pistol in his pocket. As for uniforms, they had none.

Weather and hard usage had reduced their clothing to rags. Every man of the six had on shoes that took in snow at every step they made.

"Where is the place?" the old veteran asked of another as they trudged along through the snow.

"I know not, comrade," was the reply. "Percy Greville says he will take us to the spot, and I am following him."

Mile after mile was passed and then the sun went down in the west, leaving the world about the little party wrapped in a cold mantle of snow.

But they trudged on and on, and an hour later struck the British guard line. Then one of the old veterans halted, and said:

"This won't do, comrades. I won't go into the enemy's line."

"Why not?" Percy Greville asked.

"If we are captured we will be shot as spies."

"Not so. We are not in disguise. Our hats would save us. Besides, we care nothing for the risk. We want provisions and can get them."

"Are you going to ask Gen. Howe's commissary for them?"

"No. I am going to take them from a rich old tory who has been enjoying Gen. Howe's protection. Come on."

"I won't cross the line," said the old veteran, shaking his head. "It's too dangerous."

"It is no more dangerous than crossing our line in open daylight was. Every soldier knows that on such a night as this no foe makes a move, so we won't find a sentinel on his post save when it is time for the relief guard to come."

Still the old veteran refused to go, as did another of the party.

"Who will follow me?" asked the young soldier. "I will go alone if no one will follow."

"You won't go alone, comrade!" said one. "I will stand by you!"

"So will I," said another.

"And I."

"And I."

"Come on, then," and he turned and led the way toward the enemy's line, followed by three of the party. The other two stood where they were gazing after them, fully believing they were going to their death.

As he had predicted, the young soldier found it an easy matter to cross the line, and half an hour later they came to the house of the old tory whom they were in search of.

The lights in the windows told that the family had not yet retired. In the main sitting-room sat three British officers who were visiting the daughters of the rich old tory.

"Ah! We have had our long march through the snow for nothing," said one of the old Continentals.

"Not so, comrades. We must take them with us. Their horses much be in the stable. Let's see about it. Wait here till I go to the stable."

He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he had an armful of holster pistols—six in all.

"Their horses are there," he said, "and here are their pistols. We are pretty well armed now. Just obey orders and we'll win. We must march right in and order those redcoats to surrender. If they refuse I will shoot down one of them, and that may induce the others to do as ordered. Come on."

They followed, each with a pistol in his hands. Percy Greville knocked on the door. A servant opened it. He was shoved aside and the four Continentals rushed into the sitting-room.

"Surrender or die!" cried young Greville, in a tone of voice that seemed to come from one born to command.

The officers and all the ladies of the family sprang to their feet.

"Surrender to whom!" demanded a British major, drawing his sword.

"To me—a soldier of the Continental army," replied Greville.

"You are a traitor to your king!" hissed the officer, making toward him to cut him down.

Crack!

Greville fired, and the major dropped his sword, clutched at his breast, reeled backward a few paces, and sank heavily to the floor.

The ladies screamed, and one of the daughters of the old tory fell in a swoon by the side of the dead major.

"Surrender or die!" called out Percy Greville, and the other two officers, seeing how easily they could be shot down before they could reach their assailants with their swords, very promptly surrendered.

"Throw down your swords!" ordered Greville, and the weapons were cast down on the floor.

"Take them up, comrade," he said to the old veteran on his left. They were taken up and laid on the chair behind Percy.

"You are prisoners of war, gentlemen," said Greville to the two officers, "and will be treated as such. Sit down in that corner over there. Any attempt to escape will be the signal for death. Comrade Hall, guard them. Ladies, sit down and keep quiet and no harm will come to you. Mr. Boyle, come with me," and he turned to the old tory.

"My God, don't harm my husband!" cried the good wife.

"No harm will be done him, madam," said Greville. "We came here for provisions. Our soldiers need them. If we are supplied we shall leave in a few minutes."

"If that is all you want you shall have it," said the tory, drawing a long breath of relief and leading the way out of the room, followed by Percy Greville and two of his comrades.

They repaired to the storeroom where several bags were filled with hams and securely tied up. Then they were fastened on the backs of five horses, three of them belonging to the British officers.

"Now we want two extra horses on which to place the prisoners," said Greville.

"They are here and at your service," replied Boyle.

"Very well. I'll bring them out while the horses are made ready," and he went into the house, took up the three swords and ordered the prisoners out to the barn.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT IN THE SNOW.

Each prisoner was securely bound to the back of a horse, and the captors mounted those bearing the bags of hams.

"Mr. Boyle, you must look to the king for compensation for your losses to-night," said Greville as he was about to mount one of the captured steeds. "We knew you had plenty and to spare so we came for it. Tell the ladies I am sorry we had to intrude in the way we did, but the obstinacy of the major made it worse. Good-night. Forward, comrades!"

The seven horses moved out of the barn yard, leaving the old tory there alone in a consuming rage.

The moon shone brightly on the snow. Percy led the way at a brisk trot. Two of the Continentals led the horses of the prisoners, while two others brought up the rear.

He kept to the same route he came, the tracks showing plainly in the snow. In half an hour they crossed the line, a sentinel some distance off calling a halt. As they did not halt, he fired, and the bullet lodged in a big ham in the bag in front of Greville's knee. Percy charged on him and shot him down.

"Now forward, comrades!" he called, and they made a dash through the deep snow. The excitement in the enemy's lines was heard, and they knew that pursuit would follow.

"Double-quick, comrades!"

They urged their horses forward as fast as the deep snow would permit, and in a little while struck the old Valley Forge road.

"They are coming, comrade!" said an old veteran, as the sounds of pursuit was borne to them on the frosty air.

"Yes. You two lead on with the prisoners, and we three will keep the enemy in check," and he hastily transferred his bags of hams to the horse of one of the prisoners.

By the time he had made the transfer the pursuers came in sight.

"Ah, there are but five of them—dragoons! We can attend to them. Here are sabers, comrades. Drop your bags and show them what you can do. We can empty three saddles at one volley if we aim true. Here they come!"

The two Continentals knew nothing about handling a sword. They belonged in the infantry, and had carried muskets. This new peril nearly paralyzed them, and they were on the point of fleeing when Percy Greville dashed at the dragoons, shot the foremost out of his saddle, emptied the second one in like manner, and ran a third through the body with the British officer's sword he carried. It was all done in less than forty seconds. The two remaining dragoons stopped, drew their pistols and fired at him at very short range. His horse reared, pawed the air, gave a shrill shriek, and fell dead in the snow, shot through the head.

Quick as a flash Greville sprang to his feet and dashed for the horse of one of the fallen dragoons, sprang into the saddle and exclaimed:

"Washington! Washington! Down with the king! Charge, comrades!" and, to the astonishment of the two dragoons, went at them like a thunderbolt. He was met by the one nearest to him. Their swords clashed in the bright moonlight for one brief moment, and then the dragoon went down with a cloven head.

"I surrender!" called out the remaining redcoat, utterly dumfounded at the downfall of his companions.

"Throw down your arms!" cried Percy.

Down went the saber in the snow.

"Throw down your pistols!"

They followed the saber.

"Bind him, comrades!" ordered Percy, turning very coolly to his two comrades, who really had not raised a weapon in the fight, so quickly had the young patriot done his work.

The prisoner was secured and also four horses. One of the dragoon horses ran away into the woods.

"Now, take up the provisions again, comrades, and the arms in the snow there. We must hurry forward."

"Percy Greville, give me your hand," said one of the old veterans, reaching up to the young patriot. "You're a hero. That was the grandest fight I ever saw, and I have been in a dozen pitched battles."

"It is the way to win, comrade," he replied, shaking the veteran's hand. "Come, let's move on," and they pushed on after those who had gone on ahead. They did not succeed in overtaking them until they reached the American lines. There they found them waiting for the corporal of the guard,

they having been halted by a sentinel who happened to hear them coming roughshod through the frozen snow.

The corporal was so astonished at what he saw and heard that he called his captain. The officer would not believe the story told him, and at once sent them under guard to General Wayne's headquarters.

General Wayne was amazed. But for the presence of the two British officers and the dragoon he would not have believed the story he heard.

"Send Captain Wilde of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment here," he ordered, and an orderly hurried off in quest of the captain. He soon appeared.

"Captain Wilde," the general asked, "do these men belong to your command?"

"Yes, general, and they are all good soldiers, too," was the reply.

"They have been inside the enemy's lines to-night, killed a British major, captured a captain, a lieutenant, and one dragoon, ten horses and nearly 1,000 pounds of meat. You are to be congratulated for having such men in your company. Comrades, I thank you in the name of the army, and I am sure the commander-in-chief will do so too as soon as he hears of it. Each of you take a ham to your company quarters. I will see that the quartermaster takes charge of the rest."

The four men each took up a large ham and went back with Captain Wilde. The captain told them on the way that the two men who had refused to cross the enemy's line with them had reported to him an hour before that they had gone to Philadelphia.

It was long after midnight, but the savory odor of broiling ham soon filled the air, and the starving soldiers came out of their rude tents to partake of the feast. Of course the two old veterans told the story of Percy Greville's marvelous feat in killing four dragoons and capturing a fifth. Ere the sun was well up the next morning the young soldier was a famous man.

General Wayne sent out a party of scouts early that morning to see if the enemy had followed the daring young patriot the night before. They found the bodies of the horse and four dragoons where they had fallen, frozen hard and stiff. Just as they were coming away they heard the bugle of British horse and made haste to get out of the way.

The enemy came in sight and gave chase to the scouts. As they were largely outnumbered, the patriots retreated back toward their own lines. The redcoats dared not follow very far for fear of an ambush. But the daring of the raid the night before seemed utterly incredible to them.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU ARE THE MAN!"

When the commander-in-chief heard the story of Percy Greville's daring raid the night before, as told him by Mad Anthony Wayne, he asked that the young soldier be sent to him at once.

When Percy entered his presence and saluted, the general looked at him in silence for some moments. Their eyes met, and the general said:

"I saw you by yourself in the woods above the spring yesterday morning, did I not?"

"I was there, your excellency," he replied.

"Yes, we understand each other, comrade," said the commander-in-chief. "Give me your hand," and he extended his hand toward the young soldier as he spoke.

Percy laid his hand in his, and both clasped in silence.

"I thank you in the name of the Continental Congress for what you did last night. It not only gave us some food, but electrified the whole army, and must have astounded the enemy. Do you know the country round about the city?"

"Every foot of it, your excellency."

"Then you can do the army very great service if you will place your knowledge at the service of Gen. Wayne."

"I shall obey orders even unto death, your excellency."

"Gen. Wayne, give Captain Greville a company of scouts and let him choose his men himself."

Gen. Wayne himself started at the order. It was a promotion such as had never been seen in that army before.

"Your excellency is kind," said Percy, saluting the commander-in-chief. "I shall try to justify your confidence in me."

"I think you have done that already, sir."

General Wayne grasped the young captain's hand, shook it warmly, and led him away and introduced him to his staff.

"Where did you learn the art of fencing, captain?" the dashing general asked him.

"From an old Frenchman named Francois."

"Where is he now?"

"I know not, general."

"When did you see him last?"

"Two years ago. He was a fencing master—an old soldier of France. He said I bore a charmed life, as even he could not touch me with his rapier while giving me lessons."

"You have never been wounded, then?" the general asked.

"No, general, and I have been where bullets came like hail."

"You were born lucky. But tell me, what did his excellency mean when he said he and you understood each other?"

The young captain remained silent for a minute or two ere he answered the question. Then he said:

"Pardon me, general, but his excellency can answer you."

Mad Anthony Wayne was both astonished and mystified.

"I thought you had never met him before?" he remarked.

"I had seen him, but he had never spoken to me till this morning."

He remained at Wayne's quarters during the greater part of the day, for the general was trying to raise a company of scouts for him. The news of his promotion, however, spread throughout the camp. The effect was magical. The men in the ranks saw opened to them a pathway to promotion.

The two old veterans who turned back when near the enemy's lines bitterly cursed their ill-fortune. Their comrades made them feel very uncomfortable by their comments on their caution and prudence.

When Percy returned to his companions they surrounded him, took him on their shoulders and bore him through the camp of the regiment. The three men who went with him were cheered, too, but they shook their heads and declared that he alone deserved all the credit.

In a few days he had the names of thirty men in the regiment who volunteered to serve under him as scouts and foragers. Gen. Wayne secured horses for them.

But while that was going on Percy suddenly disappeared from Valley Forge. Gen. Wayne had sent for him and he could not be found. Then it became known that he had not been seen since evening of the previous day.

"Then we will have to wait till we hear from him again," said the general.

At that very same hour, in the city of Philadelphia, in the heart of the British army, a man with a dinner pail in his

hand, was wending his way along Walnut street in the direction of the river.

He looked like a common workingman of that period, who seemed to take no notice of the many redcoat soldiers whom he met along the street.

Just as he reached Seventh street a beautiful young girl came out of a fine residence on the other side and crossed over in his direction. Two half drunken redcoats came along down Seventh street at the same time.

"There's my lassie," said one of them.

"She's mine," said the other, and both seized her by the arms and demanded a kiss.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Please let go of me!"

"Hands off, you brutes!" hissed the workingman, springing to her side.

"Come with me, lass, an'——"

Biff!

Whack!

The workingman had put down his pail and given each redcoat a blow from his clenched fists that sent them sprawling on the ground.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the young girl. "It was kind of you. Will you please see me over to my aunt's house on Market street?"

"Yes, miss," and he bowed, raised his hat, took up his pail and started off up Seventh street with her.

She glanced up at him several times, and at last gasped out:

"Oh, my God, you are the man!"

He started, glared at her and asked:

"What man? Whom do you mean?"

"Don't you know me?" she asked, looking up at him and trembling like an aspen.

"Indeed I do not. Even if I did, you have no reason to be in fear of me, for I would defend you with my life."

"I don't know your name, sir, but there is a price upon your head. I know your face, for I can never forget it as long as I live. I am Dorothy Boyle."

"Ah! I did not know you. I had no time to admire the ladies that night. I am Captain Greville, of the Continental army, and at your service, Miss Boyle."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HEART OF THE BRITISH CAMP.

For a few brief moments after the recognition, the young patriot and the daughter of the old tory stood gazing at each other in profound silence. Each admired the other, but Dorothy was greatly agitated, as was quite natural under the circumstances.

She was the first to speak again, saying:

"The king's soldiers will kill you if they catch you."

"Yes, that would be in accordance with the rules of war," he replied.

"Then you should go away. It is too dangerous. If I could recognize you others could."

"Yes, but all the soldiers I met at your house are out of the way, and I am sure you would not inform on me."

"Why should I not? I am loyal to the king, and you rudely invaded our home and killed one of our guests."

"You will not because you have a woman's heart, which would not let you consign a human being to death. As for my invasion of your home, it was war. I tried not to be rude, and did not harm the major save when he attacked me. I am the enemy of the king—not yours! Will you

permit me to see you to your destination, now that you know who I am?"

"Yes—and—I—I—won't inform on you."

"I did not need that assurance, Miss Boyle. I had it already in your face and eyes."

"I am grateful to you for the service you rendered me a few minutes ago. Some of the king's soldiers are very rude."

"Yes. They seem to think that this country is theirs to do with as they please. They will find out some day that they cannot."

"Why, you don't believe the rebels can whip the king's troops, do you?" and her big brown eyes opened wide as she asked the question.

"I am as confident of our success as I am that I live," he replied. "We have whipped them already in several battles. We are of the same race, and I am sure we are not less brave than they are."

"But you are in the wrong, and that makes a difference," she replied, in her honest loyalty to the king.

"We think we are right and that the kingsmen are wrong. It is a difference of opinion, you see. We believe that the people ought to own their country instead of paying tribute to a king 3,000 miles away. Let the people of England have him if they wish. We don't want him."

"Isn't that treason?" she asked.

"Perhaps it is under the kingly rule. King George is a tyrant and his people slaves."

"I have never felt that I was a slave," she replied.

"You would never feel it unless you rubbed against your chains, and——"

"Oh, I fear those two soldiers and some of their friends are following us," the young girl exclaimed, looking back at a party of redcoats running in their direction. "What will you do?"

"I will protect you to your destination if——"

"Oh, I am right at the door of my aunt's house. Please come in and wait till they go away."

"That would only make trouble for your relative. Let me shake hands with you, and then you must go in and be out of harm's way."

She mechanically extended her little brown hand to him. He clasped it in his strong hand and said:

"I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again. Now run in—quick!"

The half drunken soldiers were now almost upon him. She ran up the steps and entered the house just as five redcoated soldiers surrounded him.

"What's the matter now?" he asked of a brawny corporal.

"You struck a king's soldier!"

"Yes, and the king's soldier insulted a king's maid. Didn't I do right in striking him?"

His coolness rattled the corporal.

"He's a rebel!" cried one of the two whom he had knocked down. "Arrest him and——"

"I am no rebel," he replied, very coolly. "I've knocked you down once. Call me a rebel again and down you go!"

"You are a rebel!"

Whack!

The redcoat measured his length on the ground. The others then attacked him and in rapid succession were knocked down by his fists.

A party of workingmen rushed out from a building on the other side of the street, some with hammers and others with hatchets in their hands, and began to belabor the redcoats, thinking they had attacked a fellow craftsman.

The redcoats, not having any arms with them, took to their heels.

"Thank you, friends," said the young patriot. "I could have thrashed them myself, though."

"They were five to one, and we couldn't stand that, friend," and one of the workmen grasped his hand and shook it warmly. "They are a lot of cowards, if they do wear the king's uniform."

"Yes, so they are," assented another, shaking a hammer at the retreating redcoats.

"The dragoons are coming!" cried a voice, and a detachment of mounted soldiers were seen coming down the street at a double-quick pace.

The workingmen ran across the street and disappeared in the building on which they were working, leaving the young patriot standing there in front of the house Dorothy Boyle had entered.

The door of the residence suddenly opened and the old tory's daughter called to him:

"Come inside, quick, before they see you!"

He looked up at her, shook his head and said:

"I could not think of bringing trouble upon the family."

"There will be trouble if you stay out there. Come in, you goose!"

He laughed, ran up the steps and entered the house. She closed the door behind him and locked it.

Said he:

"If they call for me you must let me go out to them, as I cannot let your aunt suffer on my account—a perfect stranger to her."

"My niece tells me you rescued her from two drunken soldiers, sir," remarked an elderly lady, coming forward to meet him. "You are welcome to any protection we can give you. My husband is well acquainted with Gen. Howe, and he can go with you before him, if necessary, and——"

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, madam," said he, interrupting her, "but I hope it may not be necessary."

"They are going by, aunt," said Dorothy, looking through the blinds. "Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Come into the dining-room and have something to eat before you go, sir," said the aunt.

"Yes, come on," and Dorothy caught hold of his arm and guided him into the dining-room.

"You are both kind—very kind," he said. "I'll not refuse your hospitality," and he sat down to the table and proceeded to partake of some cold meat set before him.

He had been at the table but five minutes when they were all startled by loud knocking on the front door and a hoarse voice calling:

"Open in the king's name!"

"They have come for you," Dorothy said. "You must escape by the garden gate—come, quick!"

"They would charge you with aiding me to escape," he said. "I cannot permit that. Just let me go out to them."

"They may kill you!"

"No danger at all," and he turned, bowed low to the two ladies, and then went to the front door, opened it wide, saying as he did so:

"In the king's name!"

CHAPTER V.

AN OFFICER OF DRAGOONS.

The redcoats, led by a young Lieutenant, entered the house with very little ceremony.

"Where is the man who struck the king's soldiers?" the young officer demanded. "He was seen to enter this house."

"I am the man, sir," Percy replied.

"You are my prisoner then."

"Of course. They were drunk and had laid hands on a loyal young lady out on the street. I knocked them down. I would do so again."

"And who are you?"

"I am a young man who lives on what he earns."

"A workman, eh?"

"Yes."

"Are you a kingsman?"

Ere he could reply Dorothy Boyle came forward and said:

"Let me explain, please. I am the young lady whom he protected from the drunken soldiers. I asked him to see me safe to this house—my aunt's. My father is Mr. Boyle, a kingsman and friend of General Howe."

"Ah! Major Hawk was killed in your father's house last week, was he not?" the lieutenant asked her.

"Yes, sir. He fell within a few feet of where I stood. It was simply awful. He was a brave soldier."

"Do you know whether this man is a kingsman?"

"She knows nothing about me, sir," said Greville, quickly.

"I only know that he acted like a courteous gentleman," Dorothy replied.

"And very much like a rebel, too, I fear."

"Do you mean to say that a kingsman should have refused to go to her assistance when she called for help?" Greville demanded.

"Do you presume to argue with me, sir?"

"Yes. We are both supposed to be reasoning human beings."

"You are insolent."

"You wouldn't talk that way with that coat off. You presume on my respect for your coat. I respect that much more than I do you."

"Take him away, men. He is an insolent rebel."

Two dragoons had followed the young officer into the house. One of them laid a hand on Greville's arm and said:

"Come along, sir."

He turned, bowed to the two ladies, and then stalked out of the house and down the steps to the street. There were three other dragoons out there on their horses, each held a horse for the dismounted ones.

The young lieutenant came down the steps with an angry glare in his eyes and said:

"Take that for your insolence!" striking him a violent blow with the flat side of his sword.

"Take that for yours!" replied Greville, promptly knocking him down by a blow between the eyes and seizing his sword.

"Treason!" cried the dragoons, in a breath, and the two who were on foot charged with drawn sabers.

Quick as a flash he ran one through and disarmed the other, sending his saber flying clear over the heads of the three mounted dragoons into the middle of the street.

The young officer sprang to his feet, and, finding his sword in the hand of his assailant, darted to his horse to secure one of his holster pistols. Greville rushed at him, knocked him down again and seized the pistols himself.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Each of the three mounted dragoons fired at him.

His hat flew from his head, a bullet knocking it off.

He fired at one and he fell from his horse.

The dragoon on foot who had been disarmed ran out into the middle of the street and secured his saber. Almost at the same instant one of the riderless steeds rushed up to him and he vaulted into the saddle.

In the meantime the young officer of dragoons had regained

his feet. He quickly possessed himself of the weapon of the last dragoon who went down and exclaimed:

"Now I have you, traitor!"

Crack!

Crack!

Two more bullets whizzed by his head, but Greville did not seem to mind them. He crossed swords with the lieutenant, disarmed him by a dexterous twist and sent his weapon flying overhead.

"I am sparing your life because you are not worthy the death of a soldier," and he caught his nose between his fingers and gave it a twist that brought the blood and a howl of pain and rage.

Just at that moment the three mounted dragoons charged in a body to either run him down or cut him on the head. Greville was like a mass of steel springs. He tripped the young officer, causing him to fall under their horses, and then deftly ran one of them through the body.

"The man is a devil!" cried out one of the other two, and both put spurs to their horses and fled, leaving four of their number behind.

All this took place in far less time than has been taken to describe it. The workmen ran out to look on, and all the families in the houses in that block crowded to the doors and windows and gazed in horror at what was going on before their eyes.

The maddened young officer of dragoons rose to his feet the third time, seized a saber and charged furiously upon the young hero. The third time was he disarmed, and then Greville seized him by the collar of his coat, whirled him around, gave him a half dozen vigorous kicks under the coat-tails, hurled him to the ground, and then sprang upon his horse and dashed off up the street, turning the third corner and disappearing from view.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PURSUIT.

On finding himself the center of a gaping crowd of men, women and children, on whose faces he saw lurking smiles, the young officer of dragoons took up two pistols from the ground, where they had fallen during the melee, and looked into their barrels. They were unloaded and he threw them from him in disgust. Taking up a saber, he held the point against his breast with the hilt toward the ground and fell upon it.

"Hello! He is trying to kill himself!" cried a man in the crowd which had gone closer to him after the fighting ceased.

The sword-point struck an obstruction inside his pocket. The blade bent and he fell on his side against the body of one of the dead dragoons.

He sprang up and seized the sword again. A stalwart workman ran to him, snatched it from his hand and said:

"It is treason to the king, sir, to slay one of his soldiers!"

"I am no longer of any service to the king," was the despairing reply. "I am ruined and must die! I've been disgraced before all the world!"

"But that is not the sort of death for a brave man to die, sir. Wait for the next battle and die at the hands of the king's enemies. Ah, here comes your comrades! Why not run down the traitor and kill him?"

A squadron of dragoons came down the street on a brisk run, the captain at their head.

"What's the matter, lieutenant?" the captain asked, reining up alongside the young officer.

"I am ruined, captain. One traitor whipped six of us and got away. I am no longer worthy to wear this uniform," and he frantically tore off his coat, threw his hat on the ground and swore he would kill himself.

The captain ordered a file of soldiers to take charge of him, and then inquired which way the stranger had gone. He was soon told by some Tories in the crowd, and set off at a brisk trot in pursuit.

He soon found the lieutenant's horse standing in the street in front of a little tavern. With a dozen dragoons he dismounted, entered the tavern and arrested every man found in there.

"Where is the landlord?" he called out.

"Here, sir!" responded a stout, jolly-faced old man, well known in that part of the city as a stanch loyalist.

"Where is the man who rode upon that horse hitched to your post out there?" the captain demanded.

"'Pon my soul, I don't know, sir," the landlord replied. "He may have come in and gone out without any one noticing him. Do any of you know anything about him?" and the landlord looked around at his trembling customers as he asked the question.

They made no answer, and the captain said:

"If you do not speak I'll soon find a way to make you do so. Who saw the man dismount from that horse?"

"I did, captain," said an old man who had been sitting near the door drinking a mug of ale when arrested. "He was a very young man, looked like a workman and was bareheaded. I saw him go up the street on foot. He didn't come in here at all."

"I saw his hat lying on the ground where the lieutenant stood, sir," remarked one of the dragoons to the captain.

"So did I, sir," put in another.

"I believe I did, too," the captain said, and then he hurried out of the little tavern and led the way up the street searching the houses as he went and halting every one he met and inquiring for the bareheaded workman.

No one had seen him.

"This town is full of traitors!" he hissed, and remounted his horse. Then giving the order to trot, he dashed away to headquarters to report what had happened in the heart of the city.

In the meantime where was the young patriot soldier who had thus taught the proud Britons a humiliating lesson?

He dismounted in front of the old Tory tavern, hitched his horse to the hitching post, and walked off up the street. After going half a block he turned and entered a small shop kept by a woman. He knew her to be a stanch patriot whose husband and two sons were with Washington at Valley Forge.

She looked hard at him for a few moments and then asked:

"What's the matter, Percy?"

"I want a hat. I am pursued," he replied.

"Come this way," she said, leading the way into a room in the rear of the little shop where she reached up against the wall and took from a wooden peg a weather-stained old hat such as were worn by the common people in those days. She handed it to him with the query:

"Are they well?"

"Yes, they were yesterday when I saw them," he replied, fitting the hat well down over his head.

"Go out the back way, then climb that fence and go out into the next street by way of the old stable. There's nobody there now."

He took her hand, pressed it, raised it to his lips, let it fall

to her side, and scaled the fence in the rear of the little shop.

A few minutes later he was out on the other street, walking leisurely along in the direction of the home of John Boyle, the richest kingman in the city.

He was trudging along through the snow when he heard a horse coming behind him. He glanced back and saw a girl, mounted on a coal-black steed, coming at a rapid pace. Where he was then, on the outskirts of the city, the houses were scattered, and he thought she was some farmer's daughter returning to her home.

She dashed up alongside of him, and he glanced up at her.

Their eyes met and he recognized her at once.

She was Dorothy Boyle.

And she knew him, notwithstanding the strange hat he wore well down over his forehead.

"Ah! It is you!" she exclaimed, reining up her spirited steed. "The whole British army is looking for you, sir."

He smiled, raised his hat, and said:

"They do me too much honor, Miss Boyle. I hope I have not brought any trouble on your respected aunt."

"Really I don't know. She is terribly frightened, thinking you are the Evil One himself."

He laughed again, and she continued:

"That young lieutenant whom you treated so uncivilly tried to kill himself after you left him, saying he was disgraced, ruined and unworthy to wear the king's uniform. He threw away his coat and acted so very strange his captain had to order some of his soldiers to take him to headquarters."

When she finished he looked up and remarked:

"It must be owing to the fact that you were a witness of his defeat."

"Why, I never met him before to-day."

"What of that? I never saw your face plainly before to-day either. Yet I fought better because I knew you were looking at us."

She blushed crimson and looked confused. Her horse turned suddenly around and pointed his ears toward the city. She looked that way, too, and saw a squadron of British dragoons coming at full speed not more than three hundred yards away.

"Oh, they are coming after you!" she cried. "They will kill you! You can't fight so many! Take my horse and flee for your life!" and she leaped to the ground in the deep snow as she spoke.

"I could not think of leaving you here in the snow," he replied, shaking his head.

"Oh, it is but a half mile to my home. Mount—ride for your life! Selim is the fastest horse in the world and can save you!"

"I will see you safely to your home first," he returned, leaping into the saddle. "Give me your hand, please," and he extended his right hand to her. She looked up as if surprised and laid her hand in his.

"Now spring up, please!"

She did so, and he raised her up to a seat in front of him, clasped her round the waist with his left arm and urged the black steed forward. The splendid animal sprang forward like a whirlwind, and the dragoons rushed after him like a red wave of destruction.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD TORY'S DAUGHTER.

As the splendid steed dashed forward through the deep snow that covered the ground, Percy Greville said to the young lady:

"This is the finest horse I ever bestrode."

"Yes, and he alone can save you from certain death," she replied.

"But you may never see him again."

"A horse is nothing to a human life. You will bring him to me some day if you can. I am not afraid to trust you."

"Ah! There are visitors at your home again. There are two horses at the gate."

"Yes; just drop me there and fly for your life!"

He dashed up to the gate, let her drop to the ground and then leaped down, removed the side saddle, and appropriated one of the others with holster and pistols.

"Oh, they will catch you!" cried Dorothy, as she saw the dragoons scarcely one hundred yards away.

"I fear them not," he replied, vaulting into the saddle and speeding away, just as her mother and two sisters appeared on the piazza of the house, called out by the roar of the oncoming dragoons.

Dorothy ran to the house, and the squadron of British horses went past in desperate pursuit of the patriot on the black steed.

"Oh, my child!" cried Mrs. Boyle, as Dorothy ran up the steps of the piazza, "what does it mean? What has happened? Who is it on Selim?"

"He is the rebel who killed Major Hawk the other night. The king's troops are trying to catch him. He took my horse from me, but says he'll bring him back some day."

"Oh, the horrid man! What a narrow escape you have had! He might have killed you or carried you away with him!"

"He doesn't seem to be a cruel or mean man, mother. He protected me from two drunken soldiers down in the city," and then she went in, and before a glowing fire she told them all she had seen while down at the home of her aunt, ending with:

"Oh, he is the bravest and most gallant man who ever drew a sword, rebel though he is!"

"They will catch and hang him as a spy and traitor to the king," said her sister Eleanor.

"No horse in the world can catch Selim," she replied.

"But the sentinels on the line will shoot him down. Ah! Captain Mendith and Lieutenant Ardsley have joined in the chase!"

The two officers who were visiting at the house mounted their horses and dashed away in the wake of the dragoons. The lieutenant had to use the lady's saddle which the young patriot had left behind in the snow. In a minute or two later they were all out of sight of the house.

Mrs. Boyle was very angry over the loss of Selim, one of the finest Arabian horses ever brought to America. She did not believe that they would ever see him again.

"Oh, I am sure he will return him, mother," Dorothy said.

"Well, you have more faith in the rebels than anyone else has," said Eleanor, who was engaged to Major Hawk when he was killed.

"I have faith in the man, not the rebel," replied Dorothy. "I am loyal to the king."

"But he is a rebel."

"Yes. Those two soldiers who insulted me on the street belonged to the king's army, too."

"They were drunk."

"Yes, of course, and the rebel was sober. There are good and bad men in both armies."

"Well, you didn't talk that way before to-day," retorted her sister.

"No, for the king's soldiers never insulted me till to-day."

Mr. John Boyle came home, having heard of his daughter's trouble while in a bank on Third street. He had come by his sister's home, in front of whose house the fight had taken place, and there heard the story of what had occurred. Dorothy soon told him the rest.

"He is a spy in the king's camp!" he said.

"Yes, of course," assented Dorothy, "and if they catch him they will hang him."

"Why did you not cause his arrest when you found out who he was?" he asked.

"What! Betray the man who had just saved me from two drunken brutes! I am not an ingrate, father!"

"You did right, Dorothy," said Mary, her second sister, who had a good deal of romance in her makeup.

"Well, he has robbed you of Selim," he retorted.

"He promised to return him."

"Bah! catch one of those half-starved traitors returning anything of value!" and the old tory turned away to give vent to his indignation over the loss of the fine Arabian.

It was quite late in the evening when Captain Mendith returned and stopped at the Boyle residence.

"Did you catch him?" was the greeting the old tory gave him ere he reached the top step on the piazza.

"No, he got away. He ran over the sentinel, shot him down and made his escape."

"But why didn't the sentinel shoot him?"

"He shot at him, took a deliberate aim but missed. The fellow seemed to bear a charmed life. Miss Dorothy has lost her Arabian."

"Yes, so she has, but she is foolish enough to believe that he will return him as he promised."

The captain laughed and said:

"I am sorry she has to pay so dear for a lesson on the perfidy of man."

By this time he had entered the house, and Dorothy overheard his remark.

"Well, if I lose the horse I shall give the king's troops the credit of it," she replied.

He seemed astonished at the remark and asked:

"In what way are they responsible?"

She told him of the attack the two drunken soldiers made on her and of the rescue, adding:

"Had they not insulted me I should not have met him. As it was, he endangered his own life to protect me—the daughter of an enemy. If he does not return my horse as he promised, I shall never again have faith in the honor of a man."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET—REMEMBER CHADWICK.

The young patriot, on leaving Dorothy Boyle at the gate of her home, dashed away on the black steed with a half hundred dragoons at his heels. He made straight for the lines, trusting to luck to escape the sentinels on the lines.

On, on he sped through the snow, nearing the line at every leap of the splendid charger.

Two miles away he came in sight of the line, with a single sentinel on the post in front of him. The redcoat was half frozen, for it was a very cold day. He saw the black horse coming and the dragoons in full chase behind him.

"Halt, halt!" he cried, bringing his musket to bear on him.

Percy Greville drew a pistol from the holster, laid flat on the black steed's neck and rode straight at the sentinel.
Bang!

The sentinel fired and the bullet grazed his shoulder and flew harmlessly on into space.

Crack!

The pistol smoke blackened the sentinel's face and the bullet gave him a mortal wound.

The next moment the young patriot was beyond the line, and now it was simply a question of speed the rest of the way.

The dragoons rode hard, but the distance between them widened every moment. At last, after following him some five or six miles, they gave it up and returned within their line and doubled the guards all along the front.

The young patriot then pushed on till he reached the American picket line, where he was halted by some of his own company, Captain Wilde being in command at the time.

"Hello!" cried the sentinel. "Is it you, Percy?"

"Yes, comrade."

"Where did you pick up that horse? He is the finest I ever saw."

"I borrowed him."

"Borrowed? Oh!" and the sentinel laughed.

"Yes, from a friend—from a lady, and I am going to return him to her."

"If you do General Wayne should order you to be shot."

Percy laughed and rode on to where Captain Wilde had his quarters. The captain and all his men asked many questions about Selim, all saying they had never before seen such a splendid animal. He told them a lady had loaned him the horse, and that he would return him.

"Keep him and give her a voucher for him," suggested the captain.

"No. I promised to return him to her, and I'll keep my word with her or die trying," and he rode on to Gen. Wayne's command, where he dismounted and sought the famous general, whom he found in consultation with Gen. Knox.

"Ah," said Mad Anthony, "I did not expect you so soon, captain!" and he excused himself to Knox and led Greville aside some little distance, saying:

"Speak low, please. Did you see him?"

"I did, general."

"What did he say?"

"He said he would try to do as you wish."

"Ah! That is all I want. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done, Captain Greville."

"I felt honored by your confidence, general," and then he told him all that had happened to him in the city.

"I know John Boyle well," the general said. "He is one of the rankest tories in the city, and nothing on earth could induce him to waver in his allegiance to the king. He has committed a crime against the Continental Congress for which he will suffer an ignominious death if he ever falls into our hands."

"Indeed! I never heard of that before."

"It is known to but few of the general officers and the Committee of Public Safety."

"I am sorry to hear of it. It is a terrible thing to hang over one."

"Yes, but he is a traitor to his country in more ways than one."

"Does he know of this?"

"Yes. If you ever meet him face to face again, say to him: 'Remember Chadwick,' and he will tremble like a leaf. That Major Hawk, whom you slew in his house, was equally guilty with him, and that is the secret of your promotion from the ranks."

Percy Greville was dumfounded at what the general told him, and for several minutes he did not utter a word. He wondered if John Boyle regarded him in the light of an executioner of vengeance. The idea was repugnant to him.

"General," he asked, "do you think Boyle's family are aware of this secret?"

"I cannot believe that he would dare tell them about it," was the reply.

"Does he know he is condemned to death by the Committee of Safety?"

"Yes. A demand was first made on him by a secret agent sent to him. He betrayed that agent and he was hanged as a spy."

"Ah! He was Chadwick?"

"Yes."

"He deserves to die the death of a dog!"

"Yes. He betrayed the 'Sons of Liberty,' the Continental Congress and the brave Chadwick. But we will get him some day and then justice will be done."

After telling him so much, Greville wondered why the general did not tell him all, and name the first crime of the old tory. But as he did not do so, the young captain refrained from asking him about it.

"Your command will be ready for you in another day," the general remarked, apparently changing the subject, "and I think you have picked out the best men in the entire army."

Greville said nothing. He was in a strange mood, which fact did not escape the general.

Suddenly he asked:

"What service will be required of me, general, when I take command of them?"

"None, save that which an honorable soldier would gladly render his country," was the reply.

"That is enough."

That night he spent with his comrades of Captain Wilde's company, and the next day he was given his command. A young soldier named Bates was made lieutenant.

He spent four days in drilling and getting acquainted with the quality of his men, and then said to Lieutenant Bates:

"I am going into the city to-night, and early in the morning I may come across the line with a company of dragoons at my heels. Have our men down at Crosby's spring, in the ravine below, to give me assistance if I should need it."

"I'll be there," replied the lieutenant, as the daring young captain mounted the black horse and rode away.

It was a bitterly cold day and the half-clad and half-starved patriots had all they could do to keep from freezing to death in the cold blasts that swept through the camp. Even the sentinels muffled up and took no notice of the man on the black horse who rode across the line in the open daylight.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN OF SELIM.

None of the old tory's family were up when Toby, the faithful negro servant who had charge of the horses, ran into the house and stopping before one of the bedroom doors, knocked and called out:

"Miss Dottie—Miss Dottie! Selim is done come back!"

"Oh, Toby, are you sure?" came from within in a girlish voice.

"Yes'm. I'se done seed 'im. I'se gwine back ter feed 'im," and he ran out again.

It did not take Dorothy Boyle more than ten minutes to dress and hurry out to the barn.

Sure enough, there was the beautiful black horse in his stall.

"Oh, Selim!" she exclaimed, darting into the stall and throwing her arms round his neck. "I knew he would bring you back! And you saved him, too, didn't you?" and she patted his neck as she spoke.

Her hand touched something in his mane. She looked there and found a bit of folded white paper tied to the mane.

Quick as a flash she took possession of it and ran back to the house and locked herself in her room. There she unfolded the bit of paper and saw there was writing on it.

Darting to the window to better see the writing, she held it out before her, and read:

"Captain Greville's compliments to Miss Dorothy Boyle, and hereby returns her horse, with a thousand thanks for the loan of him. He owes his life to the speed of the horse, which is equaled only by the goodness, amiability and beauty of his mistress."

As she read the lines her face became suffused with blushes, and her eyes sparkled with a happy light. She pressed the bit of paper to her lips and said:

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I knew they couldn't catch Selim! He says he saved his life!" and she danced round the room like one too happy to keep still.

She heard her father's footsteps in the corridor, and, thrusting the note into the bosom of her dress, she ran out to meet him, crying out:

"Oh, father, Selim is in the stable! Toby found him in his stall!"

"Yes, I heard him calling you. I'm going out to see about it. I'll wager the villain has taken another horse in the place of him."

"I don't know whether he did or not. A king's soldier would have done so, I'm sure, and why should not he? War is war!"

The old tory made no reply to her, but went out to the stable to see for himself. There was the black horse and so were all the others. No one had been molested so far as he could see.

"Well, the villain did bring him back as he promised," he said to himself, "though nothing in the world could have made me believe he would. I suppose he is one of those who keep a promise made to a girl when they forget their allegiance to the king," and he came out of the stable and looked about in the snow for the tracks of the man who had brought the horse home.

The tracks were plainly visible in the snow all the way down to the gate, and then pointed in the direction of the city. He called out to the man:

"Here, Toby, put the saddle on Selim, quick, and get ready to ride over to headquarters at once!"

"Yes, sah!" responded the negro, quickly saddling Selim.

The master went into the house for a few minutes.

When he came out again he held a bit of folded white paper in his hand.

"Ride to Gen. Howe's headquarters," he said to Toby, "and give him this note. Go as fast as you can and don't stop for anybody," and he gave the negro the note.

Toby put it in one of his pockets and sprang upon the back of the black Arabian. In another moment he was going like the wind, and the old tory returned to the house.

Dorothy read and re-read the note she had found concealed in Selim's mane. When she heard her sister Mary's footstep in the corridor, she again hastily concealed it in her bosom.

"Is it true that Selim has come home, Dottie?" Mary asked, as she entered the room.

"Yes, Toby found him in his stall this morning. I knew he would come back."

"How could you know? You don't know anything about that man."

"Well, it seems to me that I knew more about him than any of you did," she replied. "I believed him and you did not."

"Of course I didn't."

"You judged him by the standard of the king's soldiers."

"Do you mean to say that the rebels are more honorable than——"

"Well, I didn't say that. Selim has come back. Had a king's officer taken him I would never have seen him again."

"Dottie, you talk just like a rebel!" exclaimed Mary.

"Why, didn't you hear Captain Mendith say the same thing! He said that were we a rebel family and a king's officer had taken Selim, just as Captain Greville took him, we'd never get him again! I'm sure you heard him—and Selim is here."

That was a crusher for Mary. She was in love with Captain Mendith, of the dragoons, and had heard him tell Dorothy why he thought she would never see her favorite horse again.

"Well, I don't understand it," she replied.

"I do, though. He kept his word with me and returned the horse. I'd never doubt the word of a brave man."

After breakfast she was going to go out to the stable, when she saw Toby running toward the house through the snow, as if very much excited.

He dashed into the house and called out:

"Marse John—Marse John! He's done got Selim ergin!"

"Eh? What?" cried the old tory, who was filling his pipe for a smoke.

"Dat ar rebel sojer done stop me an' take de hoss away wid 'im, an' he done gib me dis fo' ter gib yer," and he gave his master a piece of paper.

Dorothy snatched the paper and read it for him, as he did not have his glasses on:

"Captain Greville's compliments to Mr. John Boyle, and begs to thank him for notifying Gen. Howe of the presence of 'the notorious rebel spy in the city.' He sends the servant back and will deliver the note in person to the general, after which he will do himself the honor of reminding Mr. John Boyle that the friends of Chadwick have not forgotten him."

At the mention of "Chadwick" the old tory started as if stung, and seemed on the point of fainting. But by a fierce effort at self-control he exclaimed:

"The villain! He has got the horse again!"

"What horse—Selim? How did he get Selim?" and Dorothy turned to Toby for an explanation.

"I sent Toby on him with a note to Gen. Howe," said her father. "Where did you meet the villain, Toby?"

"Ober by de Quaker meetin' house, sah. He done p'inted er pistil at me, an' say he gwine ter shoot me ef I didn't stop whar I was. I jes' stopped right dar, an' he med me git down an' gib 'im de note. He did writ er note hisself, an' tole me ter run home an' gib it ter you."

"Father, did you send Toby to Gen. Howe with a note telling him that Captain Greville was within his lines?" Dorothy asked the old tory.

"Yes, I did, as was my duty to do."

"And after he had returned Selim to your stable?"

"Yes; he is a rebel against the king."

"Well, I—I—am ashamed of my father!" and she turned and left the room, leaving the old tory white with rage.

CHAPTER X.

FACE TO FACE WITH GENERAL HOWE.

General Howe, commander of the British army in Philadelphia, was about to sit down to breakfast with his staff when one of his aides handed a note to him, saying:

"A messenger from Mr. John Boyle delivered this a few moments ago."

The general opened the note and read it. Instantly his face betrayed the greatest interest.

"Send the messenger here," he said, and the aide hastened to obey. He returned a few moments later, accompanied by a man dressed like a stableman and redolent with stable odors.

The general looked hard at the man and asked:

"Did you come from Mr. Boyle?"

"Yes, general."

"His daughter's black horse has been returned?"

"Yes, general. I rode him here to bring that note."

"Who brought the horse back?"

"We don't know, sir. We saw a man's tracks in the snow, and they pointed this way. My master says the man who took him in the one who brought him back."

Turning to the chief of staff, the general said:

"Double the guard round the city and search for that rebel spy till he is found. Tell Captain Mendith to come here."

The staff officer retired, and a few minutes later Captain Mendith, of the dragoons, came in.

"Captain," said the general to the gallant young officer, "you are well acquainted with the locality about the Boyle premises. That black horse was found in the stable there this morning. Tracks in the snow indicate the presence of the spy in our camp this morning. Go with this man and see how far you can follow the trail in the snow."

The captain saluted and retired, the stableman going with him. He was glad to be sent out to the Boyle mansion, as he was quite in love with Mary, the tory's second daughter.

As he sprang into the saddle, he asked the messenger:

"What time was the horse left there, my man?"

"Nobody knows, sir. Toby found him in his stall this morning before sunrise."

"Miss Dorothy was glad to see him, I suppose?"

"She was indeed, sir."

They had to pass through a piece of woods that cut off all view of the houses scattered in the outskirts of the city. When they reached it the messenger suddenly drew a pistol, held it in range of the captain's breast and said:

"I am the man you are in search of, captain! Hold up your hands!"

"Eh!" gasped Mendith.

"I am Percy Greville, of the Continental army. No! You are a dead man if you move. I have no wish to kill you. Dismount on this side of your horse—that's it. Now take off your belt and sword and hang them over the pommel of my saddle. There! Now go back about five paces and stand there."

The Briton obeyed every order in silence. He was a prudent as well as a brave man, who saw that resistance meant instant death to him.

Greville at once possessed himself of the officer's holster pistols, after which he said to him:

"You may go back and present my compliments to Gen. Howe, and tell him I hope to have the pleasure of meeting him again soon. I am going on to Mr. Boyle's place. If you follow me I shall end your career for you, though I am disposed to spare you for a certain young lady's sake. Which way are you going now?"

"I shall return to my command and pursue you," was the prompt reply.

"Good! Good! Captain, do me the honor of meeting me on the road to Valley Forge with fifty dragoons. I pledge you my word as a soldier I won't have one man above that number. Will you do it?"

"My company numbers eighty men," replied Mendith.

"I have as many, too. When will you meet me?"

"Within an hour or two."

"Good! You're the best soldier I've met in that uniform. You may make any explanations you please of this meeting. I shall make none at all," and with that he was about to dash away when the Briton said:

"Hold! I must make one now."

"Well?"

"If I fail to meet you, please attribute my failure to the fact that I have been disgraced and relieved of my command, a result quite likely to follow the loss of my sword."

"Ah, I see! Here, take it back. I prefer slaying you in battle to degrading you among your comrades."

"Please accept my thanks, sir," said the Briton, as he took the sword.

"With pleasure, captain," and the next moment the black steed was dashing away toward the Boyle mansion at the top

of his speed. The British officer sprang upon his horse and dashed off in the opposite direction.

John Boyle was out at the barn talking to Toby about putting new locks on the stable door, when the darky exclaimed:

"Fore de Lawd, massa, dar he am er comin' wid Selim!"

The old tory wheeled around and faced Percy Greville as he dashed up to the stable and sprang to the ground. He turned ashen-hued and trembled from head to feet.

"Good-morning, sir," said Percy.

"Good-morning," he stammered.

"You were very prompt to send word to Gen. Howe of my presence in his lines. Fate is against you. Your time has not come yet, but it will come."

Dorothy Boyle saw Selim and came running to the stable, knowing her father was there.

"Captain—Captain Greville!" she cried, as she ran up to him. "Don't harm my father!"

He took off his hat and bowed low to her, saying:

"You saved my life the other day. I spare him for your sake. I had to use your beautiful horse to save myself again this morning, and I return him again with thanks for——"

"No—no! You are in the lines of the king's army now. Your life is in peril. You spared my father's life. I give you Selim. Take him. He is yours. Father, tell him to take him."

"Yes, take him," said the old man, whose knees were actually shaking under him.

"Thanks, a thousand times. Pardon my haste. I am pursued and must leave," and again bowing low to Dorothy, he sprang into the saddle and dashed away toward the lines of the army.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUEL IN THE SNOW.

As soon as he was out of sight of the Boyle mansion, Percy Greville turned into the woods on the right of the road.

"It won't do to run into the guard again as I did the other day," he said to himself. "One could do that once too often. I'll go over Ball's creek and cross in the woods beyond. I can creep up on the sentinel there and make way with him, as the wind makes such a noise among the trees he can't hear me in the snow."

He knew where the line was, and lost no time in concealing Selim in the bushes not far from it. Then he crept forward to one of the posts where a sentinel stood behind a huge tree to shelter himself from the biting blasts. To get up to and settle him with a knife-thrust was the work of but a few minutes, after which he returned to his horse and passed through, keeping well in the dense woods.

"Now, for my brave boys," he said, as he sprang into the saddle. "Captain Mendith must not look for me in vain. Selim, my boy, she has given you to me. Henceforth we are to live together. Be true to me, and I'll share my rations

with you. I don't believe she is really a tory at heart. She is a woman, though, and God bless her!"

They made the best speed possible through the woods, and half an hour later merged into the road that led to Valley Forge. He knew just where he was, and in a little while was with his men.

"We are all nearly frozen, captain," said Lieut. Bates.

"Of course. Let every man take five minutes' violent exercise to warm up on. The dragoons will be here in a short while. I challenged Captain Mendith to meet me man to man, and he said he would. That's me, men! Unlimber yourselves! Shake the chill out of you! Just think of it! We'll meet the dragoons face to face in a fair fight. Why, I stood face to face with Gen. Howe this morning and talked with him. He knows by this time that I was from Valley Forge, and the whole British army is mad about it."

The patriots laughed.

"Ah! They are coming! I hear their bugle! Mount, men, and follow me! Who has my saber?"

"Here it is, captain," called out Sergeant Cobb, running forward and handing to him his sword and belt.

"Thank you, sergeant. Men, when we nip those dragoons to-day I am going to see that we all get new uniforms. Forward!"

The scouts followed him out of the woods and entered the main road which was on the edge of an open field. The fence had long been used for fuel by both armies.

"Here they come! Keep where you are, men. I'll see if they are Mendith's men!" and placing a white handkerchief on the point of his sword, he galloped forward to meet the redcoats. The officer at the head of the enemy halted on seeing him, and waited for him to come up. They recognized each other at the same moment.

"You have come according to promise, captain," said the young patriot officer.

"Yes, and in the name of the king I demand your surrender!" replied Mendith.

"I came to inquire whether your entire command is with you?" Greville asked. "If you have but fifty men with you I shall order thirty of mine to stand back and let us meet man for man."

"I have eighty men."

"So have I. We'll meet in this field on the left," and he wheeled, rode back to his men and said to them:

"Men, we are going to fight till we conquer. He who retreats must have my command branded as a coward. Do you agree?"

"Yes, yes!" came from every patriot.

He led them out into the field and just a moment later the British bugler sounded the charge.

The dragoons came on like a red avalanche. The patriots spurred forward to meet them.

The shock of the collision unhorsed nearly a score on each side. The clash of sabers and hoarse shouts of men in deadly combat filled the air. Soon the white snow became crimsoned in many places. Here and there single combats took place.

A huge Scot on a powerful gray was creating havoc among the patriots.

Percy Greville dashed at him and called out:

"Down with the king!"

"Doon wi traitors!" yelled the Scot, turning fiercely on him.

Their sabers met and sparks flew from them.

"There!" cried Greville. "Down goes the king!" and his sword went through the brave Scot, who fell from his horse with the cry of—

"Long live the king!"

"Mendith! Mendith!" called Greville, trying to get at the captain of the dragoons. "Here I am!"

"Here's at you, traitor!" yelled Captain Mendith, spurring forward and crossing swords with him.

Swish!

Clash!

Clang!

"Ah!" ejaculated the Briton, as his sword went flying through the air, disarmed by a dexterous twist. "Take that!" and he drew a pistol from his holster and aimed at Greville's breast.

A patriot scout knocked it up with his saber, and the next instant the Briton's horse sprang away, taking him out of reach of Percy Greville, who was fiercely attacked by two stalwart dragoons.

Quick as a flash Greville disarmed one and cut down the other.

"Down with the king!" he yelled. "Come on, Mendith! You are a coward if you avoid me!"

"I fear no man, still less a traitor!" cried Mendith, charging at him, having procured another sword.

"We'll see! Take care of yourself!" and again their swords clashed.

"Ah! Sorry to spoil your beauty so!" exclaimed Greville, as he laid open the Briton's cheek with the point of his sword.

Just as he was going to give him another cut a rush of dragoons separated them. A few moments later the British bugler sounded a retreat, and the redcoats wheeled and dashed away from the field at the top of their speed.

The patriots made the welkin ring with their shouts, and dashed away in hot pursuit, but after a mile or so had been passed they were called back by Percy and Lieut. Bates.

"Come back to the field and look after the wounded," Percy ordered, and they rode back in the highest spirits.

"Men, I am proud of you!" Percy called out to them. "I never made a mistake in a single man when I picked you out. Henceforth we are not only comrades but brothers."

The brave fellows cheered him. They had not only fought well themselves, but had seen him cut down dragoons right and left, as well as disarm their leader.

On returning to the battlefield they found twenty-seven dead and twenty-two wounded dragoons. Probably a score of wounded escaped on their horses.

Of his own losses were seventeen dead and twenty-six wounded.

"Comrades, it was a desperate fight," he said to the scouts,

"and a great victory, for we have proved to our people as well as to the enemy that we can whip the king's troops man for man. Secure the arms, horses and anything you can find of use, and bring the wounded along. The cold will keep the dead till we can bury them."

Half an hour later the scouts started for Valley Forge, the black horse of Percy Greville in the van.

CHAPTER XII.

PERCY GREVILLE A PRISONER.

The scouts reached the patriot line just as the sun was sinking behind the snow-capped hills west of the camp. They were halted, and the officer of the guard came forward. He knew them and saw the wounded ones.

"Hello! Had a fight?" he exclaimed, looking up at the young captain of the band.

"Yes, with Mendith's dragoons."

"How did it end?"

"They fled and left us their dead and wounded," and then they passed on.

That night the story was told at every campfire in Valley Forge, that eighty patriot scouts had met an equal number of England's crack soldiers in an open field and defeated them. It electrified the whole patriot army. As soon as Percy Greville had reported to Gen. Wayne that officer hastened to Washington's headquarters to tell him about it.

While he was doing so other officers came in with marvelous stories told by the scouts—things that Greville's modesty would not permit him to tell—of their young leader's daring and prowess. The commander-in-chief went with Wayne to see the wounded and see that they were made comfortable.

Wayne led the way to the tent of the young soldier. Percy was astonished at seeing the commander-in-chief there.

"Captain Greville," said his excellency, "I have come to thank you in the name of the Continental army for your victory to-day," and he extended his hand to Percy as he spoke.

Percy took it in both of his and shook it warmly.

"It has electrified our people," the commander-in-chief added, "and is worth a thousand men to our cause. Gen. Wayne tells me you saw and talked with the British general."

"Yes, sir. I talked some ten minutes or so with him."

"It was a great risk."

"Yes, so it was, but the audacity made it safe. I took him a note from Mr. John Boyle which told him that Percy Greville, the rebel spy, was in the city," and then he related the story of his interception of the note and the final delivery of it.

Both generals laughed heartily over the story, and then warned him against going into the city again.

"They will set watchers for you after this," said Mad Anthony, "and we cannot afford to lose you. Prudence is the word. Run no unnecessary risks."

The two generals left him, and in another hour the entire camp had heard that the commander-in-chief had invited the young captain at his quarters. But Percy Greville rolled himself up in his blanket and laid down to sleep and dream.

The next morning he awoke to find himself famous. Every man in camp was not only willing but was eager to do him honor. Gen. Wayne sent for him and asked:

"Will you take charge of a burial party and go out there to see that our dead are decently buried?"

"Yes, general. The enemy, being much nearer to the place than we are, may be there in force."

"Take as many men as you want," said the general.

"I want only my own men besides those who do the digging."

Half an hour later he rode out of camp at the head of the party. A brisk trot of two hours brought them to the field where the saber duel had taken place. Every dead body was frozen solid.

While they were digging the frozen earth Percy told Lieut. Bates to keep a sharp lookout, and rode off in the direction of the British lines.

When about two miles from the enemy's line, he caught sight of a single dragoon on his horse in the main road a few hundred yards in his front. The dragoon instantly dashed forward to engage him in a hand-to-hand fight.

"The fellow isn't afraid," Percy thought, drawing his saber and rushing forward to meet him. Both horses were thrown back on their haunches by the shock of the collision. But they regained their feet and then the sabers clashed.

"Death to traitors!" cried the redcoat, who proved to be a good swordsman.

"Down with the king!" cried Percy, crowding him by his rapid, lightning-like passes.

To his astonishment the Briton parried every thrust or cut, and so he became all the more eager to conquer him.

Suddenly the Briton retreated. Percy crowded him so vigorously he had all he could do to save himself from being cut down.

Just as Percy made a desperate effort the road swarmed with dragoons.

Percy cut down two, and was then dragged from his horse and held by a dozen men. It was all done so quickly he seemed quite dazed by it.

"I am your prisoner," he said, very quietly, on finding himself held firmly.

"Yes, I believe you are," replied a sergeant of dragoons. "You are a traitor, too!"

"Am I? Glad you told me. I would never have known it!"

And the sarcasm of the remark caused them to laugh.

An officer of dragoons spurred forward and said:

"So we have the spy at last!"

"A spy! We are two miles or more outside your lines," and he boldly faced the officer.

"Where are your men?" the officer asked, ignoring the reply of the prisoner.

"They are engaged in burying your dead. We cut Mendith's

dragoons to pieces yesterday. If you wish to see them ride over there. They would be very glad to see you."

"We will attend to you first and your men afterward," and the officer ordered his command to move back inside their line at once.

Percy was guarded by ten men, and mounted on a horse of slow speed, and as they rode along the highway he made remarks that angered the young officer in command of his escort.

"That dragoon is the only good swordsman in your army," he said. "Why, it was like cutting hay when we met Mendith's men yesterday."

"We have some very good swordsmen, though," remarked the young officer.

"Yes, more hangmen than soldiers; the king's army is now the refuge of the scum of England."

The young officer was furious and half drew his sword from its scabbard.

"If you dared you would run me through with your sword, although I am a prisoner. How British honor and chivalry have deteriorated!"

Just then they reached the lines and were received by the officers of the guard. In a few minutes they hurried on toward the city.

When they reached the Boyle place the captain halted and sent word to the family that Percy Greville was a prisoner, and that the black horse would be left there if they wished to have him.

John Boyle had gone to his business. But the ladies of the family sprang up and ran out to the gate, Dorothy among them.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have caught him at last!" cried Mrs. Boyle. "I hope you will hang him!"

"Yes, hang him!" put in Eleanor, the eldest daughter.

"I hope you won't let him get away," said Mary.

"How did you catch him?" Dorothy asked. "Did it take all your men to capture him, captain?" and she looked up at the officer of the dragoons as she asked the question.

Ere he could answer Percy said:

"Yes, Miss Dorothy; it took his entire command to do it; and I was all alone, too. I really feel honored. I hope you may have your horse returned, and that you will pardon me for taking him."

"Take the horse to the stable," said the captain to the man who was leading him.

Selim was led to the stable and given in charge of Toby, who was overjoyed at seeing the beautiful Arabian steed again.

The dragoons then pushed on with their prisoner, and the ladies returned to the house to rejoice over his capture—all but Dorothy.

CHAPTER XIII.

"YOU ARE TO HANG AT SUNRISE."

Gen. Howe was at his headquarters when the news came to him that Percy Greville, the daring young patriot, had been captured.

"Bring him before me as soon as he arrives," he ordered. "I want to see that fellow and make his acquaintance."

An hour later the prisoner was brought before him. The entire staff in brilliant uniforms had assembled to see him. He was not bound, but had a guard whose numbers told how highly prized he was by the redcoats.

"What is your name and rank?" Gen. Howe asked him.

"My name is Percy Greville, and I have the honor of holding a captain's commission in the Continental army."

"You consider it an honor to be a traitor to your king, do you?"

"Yes, sir. England cut off the head of Charles the First. We would like very much to serve George the Third the same way."

"Treason!" exclaimed a dozen voices in the room.

"Bah! You are all a lot of parrots!" the prisoner exclaimed. "If the English people should get as mad with George as they did with Charley they'd cut off his head in a flash."

"Silence!" exclaimed the general in a very angry tone.

"I am your prisoner, general."

"You are not a prisoner of war. You are a spy."

"Do you hold that once a spy always a spy?" the prisoner asked.

"It is for me to ask you questions and you to answer them."

"Pardon me. I forgot where I was. Fair play is a thing unknown in the king's army."

"You had better answer questions without comment, you traitor. How many men are at Valley Forge?"

"I understand there are about thirty thousand; but I fear that Captain Mendith, of your army, claims to have met over fifty thousand of them yesterday."

Some of the officers smiled, but the general was in a rage.

"You will be hanged as a spy at sunrise to-morrow, so you had better not load your soul down with falsehoods. The crime of treason should be enough."

"My soul is in no wise troubled, general. You are far more afraid to slay me than I am to die."

"So you think I am afraid to hang you, do you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because a truly brave man with the oldtime sense of honor among soldiers would not talk to a prisoner as you talk to me."

The general turned very red in the face, and turning to his chief of staff, said:

"See that he is well guarded, and summon a courtmartial at once to sit at eight o'clock this evening. Take the prisoner away."

He was taken away by the guard and locked in a room in a house which was guarded by a score of redcoats. There were two windows on one side of the room. But in the yard below were four soldiers on guard. Leaning out of the window, he asked the guards:

"Do you think you could catch me on your bayonets were I to jump?"

"Try it and see," replied one of the guard.

"Maybe I will. Keep your bayonets sharp."

An hour later the door of the room was opened by the officer of the guard, and John Boyle, the old tory, entered.

They glared at each other in profound silence for a minute or so and then Greville asked:

"Well, to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"To the fortune of war," was the reply. "You are to die at sunrise, and I have come to see if I could not save you."

"If you could I would not permit it," was the reply of the prisoner.

"Don't be a fool, young man. I don't want to save you because I have any love for you or your cause. We are both under sentence of death, and I wished to see if an exchange could be made that would save both of us."

"I certainly do not understand you, Mr. Boyle."

"I will explain. I see you are in possession of a secret of mine. I am condemned by the leaders of your rebel government, as you no doubt know. You are condemned—or you will be to-night by a courtmartial of the king's officers. Your execution is more certain than mine, yet I know it is not impossible that I may some day fall into the hands of your people. Now, if your friends will recall the order for my execution I will see that you receive the same treatment from the king's officers. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I think I do," Percy replied, "except on the point of my own execution. Am I condemned in advance of the court-martial?"

"All spies are condemned by the rules of war."

"Yes, but I was not captured as a spy. I was two miles beyond your lines when taken."

"Well, what witnesses have you? You were alone, I believe."

"Yes, so I was. I suppose it is useless to trust anything to British honor in either officers or privates."

"Yes, utterly useless. They want to execute you and mean to do it, after condemning you as a spy by courtmartial."

"And you blame your countrymen for throwing off their allegiance to such a king?"

"Bah! Our people would do the same thing under similar circumstances."

"You don't believe that!"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I thank God I am not of that type of man. John Boyle, you are a traitor to your country. Could my death throw you into the power of your indignant countryman I would gladly suffer to that end."

"You refuse my offer, then?"

"Yes—yes a thousand times!"

"You had better think over it. I will return in an hour and get your answer."

"You have it now, sir. There is no need of your returning here."

"Reflection may cause you to change your decision," remarked the old tory, as he passed out of the room.

"A man utterly without honor," muttered Greville to himself, as the door closed behind the visitor. He went to the

window again and looked down at the four sentinels in the little yard below.

The sun went down and the courtmartial sat. The prisoner was not even brought before it. John Boyle accompanied the officer who came to inform him of its decision.

"You are to be hanged at sunrise to-morrow," said the officer.

"I am not afraid to die," was the quiet reply.

"Do you still reject my proposition?" Boyle asked.

"Of course."

"Very well," and he went out with the officer.

Two hours later Gen. Howe was told that Gen. Wayne, of the rebel army, had sent a man with a flag of truce to deliver a letter to him. The general asked for the letter. It was given him.

It read:

"To Gen. Howe,

"Commanding the British Army in Philadelphia:

"Our scouts bring me intelligence of the capture, by your forces, of Captain Percy Greville two miles outside your lines. From other sources I learn that you purpose treating him as a spy instead of a prisoner of war. I have now in my hands Col. Grantham and Major Barbour, of your army, both of whom shall receive the same treatment meted out to Captain Greville.

"I have the honor to be, etc., ANTHONY WAYNE."

"Gen'l Comd'g 3d Div. Continental Army."

When the British general had finished reading the letter he said:

"Send the bearer of this to me," and a few minutes later a young patriot soldier was ushered into his presence.

"Go back to Gen. Wayne and tell him he has been misinformed—that we hold Captain Greville as a prisoner of war."

The young soldier saluted, and was conducted out of the room by the guard. A few minutes later he was on the way to the lines again.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

Gen. Howe was the maddest man in America after the messenger from Mad Anthony had taken his departure. He showed the letter to his generals, and they all agreed that Col. Grantham was a man of too much influence in England to be sacrificed.

"This should have come from that fellow Washington," said one of the generals. "But I know that fellow Wayne well enough not to trifle with him. He'd string up Grantham as quick as lightning if he heard that we had done so with this fellow. Zounds! but they must prize him very highly. A colonel and major held as hostages for a captain!"

"They know nothing of the usages of warfare," remarked another.

"They know enough to beat us in this game, though," said Gen. Howe, very bitterly. "I'd give 10,000 pounds to be able to hang that fellow in the morning without endangering Col. Grantham's life," and turning to his chief of staff, he gave the order for the suspension of the sentence of death imposed upon Percy Greville.

The officer at once communicated with those in charge of the prisoner and ordered that he be kept well guarded.

Percy Greville was at the window of his prison room, gazing at the increasing light in the east the next morning after his capture, when an officer entered and said:

"Follow me."

He did so, passing out into the corridor between two guards standing by the door. Out on the street he was surrounded by a squad of dragoons and escorted to the prison where quite a number of other patriot prisoners were confined. There the door was opened and the officer said to him:

"Go in."

He went in and was met by the patriots, who crowded about him and showered questions upon him. He gave his name, rank and circumstances of his capture, adding:

"They condemned me to be hanged as a spy this morning, and I thought I was going to the place of execution when I was brought here. They must have changed their minds about it."

"I hardly think they dared carry out the sentence," a prisoner remarked.

"That is my opinion, too," Percy replied, "though they have said nothing to me about it."

"Of course not. They preferred to have you suffer the suspense."

"I didn't suffer much."

"Well, you must be quite different from most men, then."

"I don't know. I am not afraid of death."

A week passed and Percy Greville had heard nothing more from the courtmartial. A captain of dragoons, a boyish-looking young officer, was admitted who asked for Captain Greville.

Percy came forward and said:

"That is my name, sir."

"You are to go with me at once. Are you ready?"

"I am," and he put on his hat and followed him out, the guard saluting the officer as they passed him.

Out on the street they walked two blocks and turned to the left, halting where two horses were hitched. One of the horses was Black Selim, on whose back he had been captured. The young officer mounted Selim and motioned to Percy to take the other.

Percy sprang into the saddle, and the officer said:

"Keep by my side now," and started off at a brisk trot, going straight in the direction of the Boyle mansion. When halfway there the officer said, coming to a halt:

"We will exchange horses here."

Without a word Percy dismounted and exchanged his horse for the black one.

"I want your word of honor as a soldier that you will not try to escape from me," the young officer then said to him.

"Whither are you taking me?"

"Across the lines of our army on a secret mission. You will in no wise be compromised."

"On that condition I give it."

"Very well. Come on," and they rode on past the Boyle place and soon came to the line.

The young officer gave the password and they rode on.

When about two miles beyond the line the young officer said:

"This is as far as I am going. You are to return to your friends and resume your command if you wish, for you are free!"

Percy was astonished.

"To whom am I indebted for my freedom?" he asked.

"To Dorothy Boyle. She is to become my wife on conditions now complied with."

"What! Does she give her hand to you in exchange for my freedom?"

"Yes."

"I won't accept it! I'll return to the prison. She does not love you else she would marry you without condition. By the God above us, you must fight me before you can have her! I love her and——"

"Oh, Percy!" cried a girlish voice, as the young officer tore a wig from his head. "Didn't you know me?"

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" cried Percy, spurring his horse to her side and clasping her hand in his. "What have you done? They will hang you for this!"

"Oh, you won't let them hang me!" and she laughed a merry, happy laugh. "You said you loved me, you know."

"And I do, with all my soul. I have loved you since the day I met you in the street when those red-coated ruffians insulted you. But how have you accomplished this escape?"

"It was easy enough. A young fool of a captain let me wheedle the password out of him. He had left an extra uniform at our house to be mended and——"

"And you played a trick on him; I see—I see. God bless you! You are a patriot at heart now, ain't you?"

"You have made a rebel out of me, and——"

"I am going to make you my wife, too. May I?"

"Yes, if you want me to remain a rebel," and he pressed her hand to his lips. "But I haven't told you all yet. When I heard they were going to hang you as a spy I forged a letter from Gen. Wayne, threatening to hang Col. Grantham and Major Barbour if you were hanged, and took it to Gen. Howe."

"Good heavens, Dorothy! What a brave girl you are!"

"I couldn't be a coward and yet love a man like you! Percy, I would die for you!"

"You must live for me, darling, and I will live for you. Now what shall we do? Where can you go? There is no place for you at Valley Forge."

"Oh, I'll go home and wait till Washington leaves Valley Forge in the spring. I am not suspected by any one and will be safe. But you must not come into our lines again!"

"Our lines!"

She laughed and said:

"I meant British lines. Send some one to see me once in a while, and I'll send messages to you. Promise me you won't enter the city again as long as the British army is there."

"I promise."

"I am satisfied. I'll go back now."

He seized her hands, pressed it to his lips and then they parted, going in opposite directions.

CHAPTER XV.

AT VALLEY FORGE AGAIN.

When Percy reached the American lines he was halted by a soldier who knew him well.

"Hello, captain!" the sentinel cried. "Come in. I know you haven't the word. How did you get away from 'em?"

"Gave them the slip," replied Percy, dashing forward at a brisk pace.

He soon reached General Wayne's quarters and found that famous officer there.

"Ah! Glad to see you, captain," said Wayne. "You made quite a visit this time."

"Yes, general. They had me locked up and under sentence of death. I would have come back sooner, but they would not let me," and he told the story of his capture and rescue, a story that filled the brave general with astonishment.

"It seems like a dream to me," the general said. "To think that a daughter of John Boyle had turned patriot! It really seems incredible!"

"But it is true, and she is both brave and true. She doesn't seem to know what fear is."

"How are my boys who were hurt, general?" Percy asked.

"Two of them died. The others are mending fast. They will soon be in the saddle again. Have you any news for headquarters?"

"I don't think I have."

"Well, you had better see your command at once. Don't let any one know of her connection with your escape, as the news may go back to British headquarters."

He hurried away to his own quarters, giving his men a very great surprise.

Every one of them who was present shook hands with him.

"They had me, boys," he said, "but couldn't keep me," and he told them how they had captured him.

The next morning it was known that he had escaped, and hundreds of old veterans came to see him. They regarded him as the best swordsman in the army, and were deeply interested in him.

Several days passed, and a great thaw came. The snow and frozen ground gave way to slush and mud. The roads became almost impassable for man or beast.

Yet the scouts kept up a close watch on the enemy to keep him from sending out any foraging parties.

One evening Running Rob, Gen. Wayne's favorite scout, came to him and said in a low tone of voice:

"She sent you this, sir," and placed a bit of folded paper in his hand.

"Do you come from the city?" Percy asked.

"Yes. She told me to tell you she was well and waiting."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; she said you would understand."

"Ah! So I do. You understand, too, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, let me see you before you go over there again."

"Yes, if I can."

"Well, if you have to go in a hurry, tell her I love her as my soul and think of her day and night. Ah! It is a lock of her hair!" and he pressed the tress to his lips as Running Rob turned away to leave him with his treasure.

The thaw continued until all the snow was gone, and the forest began to show signs of returning spring. The half-starved patriots at Valley Forge rejoiced, for they would move away from the scene of such terrible suffering.

One day Captain Greville received orders to protect a foraging party which was to go out on the Norristown road, and he was prompt to obey.

On the second day out a patriot farmer brought news of a large wagon train on its way to the British lines, guarded by dragoons.

"I will attend to that," said Percy, and with the farmer as guide, he rode till late in the night to get ahead of the enemy.

But another farmer told him he had at least counted one hundred and fifty dragoons in the party.

"A Captain Mendith has command of them!" the farmer said. "He has a great scar on the left cheek."

"Ah! That's my mark. I put it there," said Percy.

"You must have cut it deep," returned the farmer, "for it's an ugly scar."

"Yes; I am glad to meet him again."

"Why, he has two men to your one!" the farmer exclaimed.

"That makes no difference to me. We have met them before," and he hurried his men forward up the road and placed them in ambush.

Just about daylight the dragoons came along the road, little dreaming of danger. At a signal one-half of them went down under a volley from the rifles of the scouts. Then a volley from seventy pistols added to the confusion.

"Charge! Down with the king!" yelled Percy, and the scouts dashed out of the woods and began laying about them like demons.

Mendith knew his voice and called out to him:

"Here, traitor, cross swords with me again!"

"Yes! Have at you now!" and again it was a deadly duel between them, while nearly 150 men fought all round them.

Swish!

Clash!

Clang!

Back and forth—round and round they went. Their blades met nearly every second.

"Ah!"

Percy's blade pierced his shoulder and he fell from his horse.

The dragoons gave way and fled, leaving the long wagon train behind, a prize to the prowess of the patriots.

The pursuit was short. The wagons were a rich prize which could not be neglected. Captain Mendith was a prisoner and badly wounded.

"Sorry you are hurt, captain," said Percy. "I'll see you have all the comfort it is in my power to give," and he ordered a wagon to be made comfortable for him.

"Captain, there's an old man in one of the wagons who keeps groaning and saying he is lost," said one of the soldiers, coming up to Percy at that moment.

"Let me see him," and Percy spurred his horse forward to where the man was.

"Ah! Mr. Boyle, as I live!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD TORY'S PROMISE.

The moment the old tory saw Captain Percy Greville, he turned ashen-hued in the face, fell on his knees and cried out:

"You can save me! My life is in your hands, sir!"

Percy leaned over toward him and half whispered:

"Get up and keep your mouth shut. Probably no one else here knows you!"

"Oh, but you'll save me?" gasped the terror-stricken tory, rising to his feet and clutching his arm with both hands.

"Nobody here wants to kill you. Keep quiet. Come this way," and he led him aside from the others and asked:

"What under heaven tempted you to come outside the lines?"

"I own a large farm above here, and I came out to show them what to take away."

"For fear we would get it all, eh?" Percy remarked.

"Yes. I knew your people would get it. I thought the escort strong enough to make it safe."

"Well, you see it was not?"

"Yes. You will let me go?"

"Why should I? You sought my death, you know."

"I tried to arrange it so as to save both of us."

"Yes, after I was caught. But you tried to have me caught as a spy."

"Only to get you where I could bargain with you to save both of us."

"I can't believe that," said Percy, shaking his head. "You are the most unrelenting king's man in America. You would not raise a finger to save the life of a patriot unless your own safety was involved in it. I will let you escape only on one condition."

"What is that?" he asked.

"That you give me your daughter Dorothy's hand in marriage."

"Eh? What?" he gasped, the most surprised man in the world. "My daughter marry a rebel!"

"Yes; why not, pray?"

The old fellow nearly choked and seemed on the point of going into convulsions. Percy looked at him and smiled.

"You have me in your power, sir," the old fellow finally said. "I might promise you and she may not consent."

"Give me your written consent based on her own consent and I'll be satisfied," Percy replied.

"I'll do that," and Percy soon had it written for him to sign.

"Have you got her in your power in any way?" the old fellow asked.

"Yes—to be frank with you. But it is one to her liking; she loves me and has agreed to be my wife. We are both very much in love with each other. But for that fact I would have you strung up to that limb up there. As it is, I don't care to have it known that my wife's father was hanged."

The old man's astonishment was a picture to look at as betrayed in his face. He signed the paper, however.

"Now if you try to break your promise, or in any way interfere, I shall see that you are hanged. Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can escape from your guard to-night. But don't talk. Keep your mouth shut. If it becomes known who you are I won't let you go."

The old man was placed in one of the wagons and the whole train moved on, encamping that night but ten miles from the British lines.

About midnight the dragoons attacked the camp.

Great confusion naturally followed, but after some hard fighting and a bit of strategy on the part of the young patriot, the enemy was beaten off.

The camp was immediately broken up, and the march made for Valley Forge. It was too near the enemy's lines to be safe.

At sunrise one of the scouts came to Percy and said:

"Captain, that old tory got away last night during the attack by the dragoons."

"We were lucky not to lose the whole train," Percy replied, and the scout thought so, too.

They pushed on and reached Valley Forge by noon, causing great rejoicing over the supplies that had been brought in. The patriots were half starved, and Percy Greville had brought them a feast. No wonder they called him a hero and cheered him as he rode by.

Gen. Wayne shook hands with him and said:

"You have again put new courage into the hearts of our people, captain. I shall look for your speedy promotion after this."

"Ah, general, if I had a regiment instead of a company I could do more for the cause," Percy replied.

"Do you think you could handle a regiment?"

"Yes, general. I can't help thinking I could handle an army of ten thousand men."

"Ah! You have the enthusiasm of youth," said Mad Anthony, smiling. "You are a fighter. But let me tell you that fighting is not the best requisite of a good general. If you had ten thousand men to-day you would force Howe to fight in the hope of destroying or capturing his camp. Thousands would be slain in trying to do what might be done by strategy, which means generalship. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, general, and see the force of your words, too."

"Well, don't forget that the enemy can better afford to lose one thousand men in battle than we can, even though we win the field. Always try to save the lives of your men."

Percy was about to reply when a staff officer came up and handed the general a note. He glanced over it and then hurried away.

The staff officer went with him, and Percy was left standing there alone.

"There must be something of importance going on," he said to himself. "But I can't ask any questions. I'll go back and stay with Bates and the boys."

He returned to his quarters and talked with all the old veterans who came about him.

The second and third day passed, and then Gen. Wayne told him to take his command and go round by Germantown and watch the enemy between there and the Delaware river. He was off within an hour after he received the order.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHN BOYLE'S TREACHERY.

A little while before reaching Germantown, one of the scouts met and halted a negro man in the road. The man said he was looking for Captain Greville.

"What do you want to see him for?" the scout asked.

"I'se done bin sent fo' ter tell 'im sump'n, sah," the darky replied.

"Who sent you?"

"My young missus, sah."

"Well, come on and I'll take you to the captain," and the scout led the way back till he met the captain.

"Captain, here's a man who says——"

"Why, hello, Toby!" the young captain exclaimed on seeing the negro. "What are you doing out here?"

"I'se lookin' fo' you, sah!"

"Ah! Something has happened then. Come this way," and he leaped from his horse and went into the woods a short distance from the road. The darky and horse both followed him. The black horse seemed to know Toby, for he laid his head against him.

"What is it, Toby?" Percy asked, as soon as he was out of hearing by the others.

"Oh, massa is done gone an' locked Miss Dottie up, sah,

an' is er gwine to put her on er ship an' sen' her ober ter ole Englan', sah, an' she done tole me to come an' tole you, sah."

"Did she tell you to come and tell me that?"

"Yes, sah, she did."

"Very well. I'll see her to-night. Are there any soldiers at the house?"

"No, sah, but dey is gwine ter sen' her erway ter-morrow."

"We'll see about that. You had better stay with us till we go there. How did you get through the lines?"

"I jes' slipped frow, sah. Dere ain't many guards ober on dis side, sah."

"So I thought. I think we can go through to-night without any trouble."

He was in a blaze of wrath.

"The old scoundrel has gone back on his promise to me," he muttered. "He is going to send her to England to keep her out of my way, and if he succeeds in getting her there I'll never see her again. I'll take her away to-night and give him a lesson in the way of keeping promises."

There was a dangerous gleam about Percy Greville's eyes at that moment that would have puzzled some to understand. But he said nothing to any one of his plans, and rode on at the head of his men like the dauntless soldier he was.

When night came on he encamped in a dense wood where the fires could not be seen but a short distance. Soon after they were settled he picked ten men and told them he wanted them to go with him inside the enemy's line.

"As spies?" one asked.

"No—under cover of darkness and to return before daylight. I don't think we will be in any more danger than we are now, but you can decline to go if you wish to do so."

"We'll go," replied every man of the ten.

They rode to a point about a half mile from the line and then left one in charge of their horses, going forward on foot. When they came in sight of the sentinel one of the party crept forward in the dark and knifed him, thus removing him from the post.

That done, they pushed across and hurried forward in the direction of the Boyle residence some four miles away. Percy knew every road and path in that section and had no trouble in reaching the place just as the family were about to retire for the night, with two British officers as guests.

"Now, boys," he said to his comrades, "I am going in there and let them capture me to see what they will do with me. I'll pretend to be alone. But when I give the signal all of you come in and give them a surprise."

He went up to the door and knocked. A servant came and opened it.

"Tell Mr. Boyle a man wishes to see him at the door a few moments," he said to the servant.

Boyle came to the door and gruffly asked:

"Well, what is it, my man?"

"I wish quarters for the night, sir."

Boyle started.

He recognized the voice of the daring young patriot.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Come in; I'll see if we can find room for you," and he led the way into another room beyond, the one in which the two British officers were seated. "Take a seat and I'll see my wife about it," and then he turned and left the room.

Just five minutes later he and the two officers burst into the room, pistols in hand, and called out:

"Surrender!"

He sprang up as if astonished and said:

"Yes, of course. You have the advantage of me."

"Hold up your hands!" ordered one of the officers.

He held both hands above his head, while the other officer searched him for weapons, disarming him.

"Who are you?" demanded the taller of the two Britons.

"My name is Allen, and I——"

"Your name is Percy Greville!" exclaimed Boyle, eagerly.

"You are the rebel spy! I know you well!"

"Have you betrayed me, Mr. Boyle?" Percy asked, as if quite alarmed.

"I told them who you were, if that's what you mean!"

"And after what I did for you only last week?"

"You did nothing for me. I made my escape during the attack made by the king's troops."

"Have you forgotten the promise you made me?"

"No, I have forgotten nothing. A promise made under such circumstances is never binding. All that a man hath will he give for his life. I gave you a promise—that's all."

"You did not intend to keep it when you made it?"

"No."

"Do you remember I said to you that I would see you hanged if you broke your promise to me?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it. I expect, though, to see you hanged in my stead."

"When I was to be hanged as a spy you came to me and offered to save me if I would save you."

"Yes, but you would not agree to it."

"True. I wouldn't agree to it even now," and he blew a shrill whistle.

The next moment a half dozen armed patriots dashed into the room.

"Surrender!" he cried, "or die where you stand!"

"We surrender!" exclaimed the officers, but the old tory staggered back against the wall as if stunned.

"Bind that old villain there! If you let him escape I'll have every man of you shot!" and Percy Greville's voice rang out in fierce earnestness.

They bound the old tory hard and fast. He did not utter a word.

Just as they were leading him out Mrs. Boyle burst into the room, crying out:

"You shall not take him away!" and she flew at the patriot who held him by the arm, and buried her hands in his hair.

"Take her away!"

She was taken away by two others.

"Where is Miss Dorothy?" Percy asked.

She would not answer.

"Men, break open the doors to every room in the house!"

Two men went upstairs to obey his order when Eleanor and Mary appeared, white and trembling.

"I'll unlock the doors," said Eleanor, producing some keys.

"You are the jailer, I suppose," he remarked.

The door of the front room upstairs was opened, and Dorothy ran out, crying:

"What's the matter? Has he come? Percy! Percy!" and she ran downstairs and threw herself into Percy Greville's arms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTURE AND DEATH OF JOHN BOYLE.

Percy caught Dorothy in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

She did not know her father was a prisoner. She had hoped only that Percy would come and take her away ere she could be sent on board the ship that was to convey her to England.

"Oh, I knew you would come," she cried, as soon as she could speak.

"Did you send for him?" the mother asked.

"No, I came for her," Percy replied, before Dorothy could say anything. "Just run up and get such things as you need, my dear, and we'll go."

"Oh, God! Are you going to take her from us!" moaned Mrs. Boyle.

"You were going to send her to England, 3,000 miles away. I am going to take her to Valley Forge, but twenty miles. Don't worry. You'll see her again when Washington takes the city."

Eleanor and Mary ran upstairs to prevent Dorothy from getting her things. Percy sent a soldier to bring them back. He then ordered Toby to saddle a horse for his young mistress.

When ready to leave Dorothy bade good-by to her mother and sisters.

"Oh, you ungrateful child!" cried her mother. "You shall never more be a daughter of mine!"

"Nor sister of mine!" cried Eleanor.

"Nor sister of mine!" hissed Mary.

"She'll be my bride to-morrow," said Percy. "See here! Her father has given his consent in writing to our marriage; yet in the face of that he was going to send her to England. She is the only one of you who has any honor."

They were terrified by his fierce earnestness and said no more. Dorothy turned away and went out with him, he taking her bundle of clothes for her. The two British officers were taken along, Boyle having gone out before.

"Oh, Percy, if we can't get through the line it will be our ruin," she said, as he lifted her up into the saddle.

"Yes, dear, so we must do our best. My men are just over the line waiting for us."

He then led off and the others followed. The faithful Toby was just behind her horse ready to aid in any way necessary.

Two hours later they had crossed the line without their presence having been discovered by the enemy.

"Oh, I am so glad!" Dorothy exclaimed in her joy, when she found herself in the camp of the scouts.

"I am going to send you to the house of a friend who will give you shelter till I can join you," he said to her when they reached the campfire.

"When will you join me?"

"Before the sun goes down again. Fear not, dear. The sergeant and ten men will be your escort. Are you ready to go, sergeant?"

"Yes, captain," the sergeant replied.

"Well, you know where to go," and he turned and pressed Dorothy's hand to his lips, saying:

"Good-night, dear."

"Good-night," she said, and they moved away in the darkness of the night.

"Now, men, we must move from here at daylight," said the young captain. "Get all the sleep you can," and he rolled himself in his blanket and laid down to sleep.

His brave fellows followed his example, and slept till the guards called them up at daylight. They mounted and dashed away, going ten miles ere the sun peeped above the horizon in the east. Halting at a large spring, they built fires and prepared breakfast.

While his men were preparing breakfast, Percy mounted Selim and rode away from the little camp. Two miles down the road he stopped and dismounted in front of a little log hut which had once been used as a schoolhouse.

One of his scouts was on guard at the door, who saluted him as he went in.

There were two other scouts inside and—John Boyle.

"What are you going to do with me, captain?" the old tory asked.

"I am going to see that you are dead and buried before I leave you again," was the reply.

"You—won't—do—that!"

"But I will. You locked Dorothy in her room and were going to send her away to England, and that, too, in the face of your written consent to my union with her."

"You will spare me for her sake?"

"Never. I am going to be merciful in one way, though. You can have your choice of dying by your own hand or being shot by the guards here."

"Oh, God!" and he seemed on the point of collapsing. "Mercy! Mercy!" and he fell on his knees.

"No mercy, John Boyle. The committee of safety have decreed your death. I spared you once and then you sought my life the next time we met. Your fate will be reported to the committee of safety, but remain a secret to the rest of the world for the sake of Dorothy. These guards will let the secret die with them. Before yonder sun goes down to-day Dorothy will be my wife. She shall never know your fate."

"You—would not murder your wife's father?"

"No. When she becomes my wife she will have no father. It is not murder, but simply an execution. I was weak enough to let you go once. Now I shall do my duty to my country. Will you destroy yourself, or shall I order my comrades to do it for you?"

"What shall I kill myself with?"

"A knife."

"Give me a pistol."

Percy smiled and said:

"You still think me a fool, I see. There—take that and make an end of a life forfeited to your country," and the young patriot tossed a knife on the floor at the feet of the tory.

He had been unbound by one of the guards. Stooping quickly, he picked up the knife, tried the edge with a finger, and glanced furtively at the young patriot some six feet away.

Percy drew his sword.

No sooner was it out of its scabbard than the desperate tory sprang at him, knife upraised, hissing fiercely:

"You shall die with me!"

Percy sprang back and received him on the point of his sword. It ran clear through the traitor's body, and with a shriek John Boyle sank down to the floor at the feet of the man whom he had so greatly wronged.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNITED AT LAST.

As the old tory sank down on the floor of the old log schoolhouse, Percy Greville said to him:

"I did not wish to be your executioner, but fate impelled me to do it. I have tried to avoid it. You seemed to be urged on by implacable fate, too. I have no regret. You have been the most treacherous of all our foes."

"I have deserved it," moaned the dying man.

"Of course you did. Your fate shall remain a mystery."

"You must tell my wife that certain property is——"

"I'll tell her nothing!"

Boyle rose to his knee and tried to speak again, but he sank down again, gave a gasp and was dead.

"That is the end," said the young patriot. "We must now bury him."

Two hours later the four were again in the saddle going in the direction of a farmhouse to which Dorothy Boyle had been sent.

"Comrades," said Percy, "I shall tell you the secret of that man's death, and I want you to pledge me your honor, as soldiers, to keep it locked in your bosoms as long as you live. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes captain," the three replied.

"Very well," and then he told them just what Gen. Wayne had told him about the old tory's treachery to the cause of the colonies. "I want you to go with me to the general and

hear me make my report to him and certify to the correctness of it. After that it is to forever remain a secret, for I am going to marry his youngest daughter."

When they reached the farmhouse where Dorothy and old Toby had been sent to wait for him, she came running out to meet him, crying out:

"Oh, I was so afraid something would happen to keep you from coming."

He sprang from his horse and caught her in his arms, saying:

"Naught but death could have kept me from you, dear."

"Have you any news?" she asked.

"Yes. We are to be married at once."

"Why, where is the minister?"

"Mrs. Compton's brother is a minister."

She was the farmer's wife and her brother was then in the house.

"Oh, I didn't know that!"

"Well, come back into the house and we'll have the knot tied hard and fast. Come in, comrades, and stand up with us. She is to be a soldier's bride."

He led her back into the house, followed by the three scouts who had come with him.

A few minutes later the entire household assembled in the main room of the old farmhouse to witness the marriage of the young patriot officer to the daughter of the old tory. The knot was soon tied, and then Percy said:

"Now we must mount and hasten to Valley Forge. It is very important that we reach there as soon as possible."

The bride hastily took leave of the kind family who had given her shelter for the day, and then ran out to the gate where the horses were waiting.

She was lifted into the saddle, and a few moments later the little party were dashing along the road in the direction of the spot where the scouts were encamped.

As soon as the camp was reached Percy said to Lieutenant Bates:

"Hurry back to Valley Forge as soon as you can. I think the army will move in a day or two."

Ten minutes later the whole company was on the way back to Valley Forge. It was night when they reached there, and Percy and his bride rode on to Gen. Wayne's headquarters, accompanied by the three scouts who had been with him at the old log schoolhouse.

"Gen. Wayne," said Percy, as they dismounted, "this is my wife. I have married the girl I spoke to you about."

"Ah! Glad to see you, Mrs. Greville," said the general, uncovering and making a profound bow, which Dorothy returned. "It is a brave man indeed who will marry in times like these."

"It was my only chance, general," said Percy. "Her father was going to send her to England, so I had to be prompt."

"Ah, yes. I congratulate you, my dear captain. You may find quarters for Mrs. Greville over at Mr. Doran's house. He has a spare room since Major Morrow left yesterday. I'll send my orderly and find out for you."

Half an hour later Dorothy was installed in the farmhouse

of Thomas Doran who lived in the heart of the camp, and Percy was back again with the general, telling him the story of the death of John Boyle.

"Ah! He is dead at last!"

"Yes, and by my hand, but my wife does not and must not know it. You understand why."

"Yes, of course. I'll arrange to have it kept a profound secret. The committee of safety must know all the particulars, though, and proofs of his death."

"I'll bring you the three witnesses of the affair."

"That will do. Now have your command ready to move at sunrise. We have news that Howe is on the eve of evacuating Philadelphia, and we want to be right on his heels when he starts."

"Running Rob brought in the news to-day," added the general. "I'll go and give your report of the Boyle matter to the commander-in-chief, and will see you in the morning before you leave."

Percy then returned to the Doran farm and remained with Dorothy. He arranged with the farmer to keep her there until he could secure a home for her elsewhere.

The next day he was off by sunrise with his scouts, and ere the day ended the news was confirmed that the enemy was preparing to leave the city and go to New York.

He pushed on and had several skirmishes with the rear guard until the Delaware river separated them.

Then Washington and the entire patriot army pushed on in hot pursuit. Percy Greville hung on the British flanks like a leech, capturing redcoats every day whom he sent to Gen. Wayne to be questioned.

At last the enemy made a stand at Monmouth, and a fierce battle took place between the two armies. By some unaccountable mishap part of the line gave way and retreated, throwing the whole patriot army into confusion. Part of the regiment which gave way fled in a panic, pursued by the exultant enemy. The commander-in-chief dashed up to the spot in time to see Percy Greville lead his scouts in a headlong charge against the pursuers, scattering them and sabering scores of them, turning the tide of battle and enabling the Continentals to reform and renew the fight. So charmed was the commander-in-chief with the splendid charge, he could not resist the temptation to dash forward and give his hand to the young captain, saying:

"Well done, Col. Greville! I am sorry your regiment is not here with you."

"Thanks, your excellency. If I had 1,000 men like these I'd go through that army out there like a cannonball."

"I believe you, sir. We'll see if we can find the men for you," and the general dashed away to rally the Continentals in another part of the field, leaving the scouts to hold the part they had gained.

CHAPTER XX.

A CHANGE IN AFFAIRS.

As the commander-in-chief rode away the scouts cheered him, and Percy sung out to them:

"Comrades, he has made me a colonel for what you did a few minutes ago. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I selected every man of you because I knew you were brave men. Here comes the dragoons. Let's show 'em what we can do. Charge!"

The brave fellows charged with a yell and met Mendith's dragoons halfway. It was a tremendous shock, and many a brave fellow went down to rise no more. The redcoats received reinforcements, and the scouts were on the point of being pushed back, when Mad Anthony Wayne himself dashed into the fray with some of his men.

It was a grand fight for a few minutes, and then the redcoats fell back under the protection of their own batteries.

"Ah, captain," cried Wayne to Greville, "I wish you had a thousand men!"

"So do I. His excellency has just called me colonel and promised the men if they can be had."

"Ah! I am glad of that. I congratulate you," and he extended his hand to Percy as he spoke.

The battle lasted all day, and when night came the Continentals slept on the field, ready to renew it the next day. But the enemy slipped away in the night and pushed on to Perth Amboy, where they met the British fleet and took ship for New York.

Seeing the enemy had escaped him, Washington sent for Captain Greville and said:

"If you had one thousand mounted men the enemy could not have gotten away from us. You must go to Philadelphia and raise as many men as you can. Choose your captains from among your scouts and hurry up with the regiment. I will send you your commission in a few days."

Percy saluted and retired.

In half an hour he was in the saddle again and on the way back to Philadelphia.

Two days later he reached the city and sent a half dozen of his men to Valley Forge to bring Dorothy to him.

She reached him that night, flew to his arms and said:

"Oh, my beloved! The king's cause is undone forever!"

"I hope so, my dear," and then he told her of his terrific fight with the dragoons, and his promotion on the battlefield.

"You will yet be a general," she exclaimed, her eyes aflame with love and admiration. "But I can never be more proud of you than now. Have you heard anything of father or mother since the king's troops left the city?"

"No, but I am sure he would not have remained here after the British army left."

"No, I can't think he would. He always seemed to have a great fear of falling into the hands of Washington."

"Do you know the committee of safety has passed the sentence of death on him?"

"No; what for?"

"I could never find out, but it was for something he did during the first year of the war. For your sake I let him get away from me once, and he afterward betrayed me to the enemy. I hope he may never fall into our hands again."

A day or two after his return to the city an officer came to Colonel Greville and said:

"The family of John Boyle, the old tory, whom we are to hang if captured, is claiming protection on the ground that you are married to one of his daughters. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true. It is also true that the mother and daughters disowned her for marrying me."

"Ah! They have no right to make any claims on that score, then?"

"None whatever, for I presume she has been disinherited. Just tell them to get a written statement from me to substantiate their claim for protection, and I'll soon find out whether or not my wife has any interest in the property."

The officer went away and the next day Mrs. Boyle came to his headquarters and asked for him. Eleanor was with her.

He stared at her, showing no signs of recognition.

"Where is Dorothy?" she asked.

"Why do you ask, madam? You have disowned her."

"I was angry then. I repented it an hour later. A mother's love dies only with life itself."

"That's what I always believed. But I did not think you had any of the qualities of a loving mother."

"Is she married to you?" the mother asked.

"Yes, we were married the next day after she was disowned by you and her two sisters."

"Where is she?"

"She is at the old City Tavern, where we are now living."

"Can I see her there?"

"Yes, if she will let you. Where is Mr. Boyle?"

She started, turned pale and asked:

"Do you not know? You took him away that night and we have never seen him since. Do you know where he is?"

"I saw him the next day under a strong guard, and have not seen him since."

"Is he in this city?"

"I don't believe he is."

"Where are the prisoners kept?"

"Since the retreat of the enemy I don't know where they are kept. They are changed from place to place as the situations change."

Eleanor Boyle had been watching ever since she came into his presence, but had not uttered a word. She stepped forward, and laying a hand on his arm, said:

"You killed before my eyes the man I loved, and since that hour I have longed for death. Can you look me in the face and say my father has not been hanged by your people?"

"Yes, I can. I can pledge you the honor of a soldier that he has not been hanged—as yet."

"As yet! They will hang him, though!"

Percy shrugged his shoulders.

She dropped on her knees and clasped her hands above her head, saying:

"Gladly would I give my life for him. You can save him! For the sake of your love for Dottie save her father."

"I can do nothing. I am the youngest officer in the army, and my promotion is so recent I have had no time to even make acquaintances among the officers."

"You have been promoted for bravery on the battlefield. All brave men have influence. On my knees I beg my father's life at your hands."

"You should go to the committee of safety, and I do not even know the name of one of them. Gen. Washington is the one to see. He knows who they are. Come, let me assist you to a seat," and he took her hand, pulled her to her feet and led her to a chair.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MOTHER AND SISTERS—THE SPY.

On leaving the headquarters of Col. Greville, Mrs. Boyle and her daughters proceeded to the little tavern where Dorothy was living.

Dorothy was astonished at seeing her mother and sister, and gave them a loving welcome, greatly to their delight.

"I thought you would scold me, Dottie," said Eleanor.

"Oh, I am too happy to scold any one," she replied. "I can afford to forgive everybody. My husband loves me, is a brave man and will yet be a great general. Just think! Gen. Washington rode up to him on the battlefield, shook hands with him, and called him 'Col. Greville,' and he is not yet of age! He is now recruiting a regiment of one thousand men."

"Yes, we have heard all that, my child," said her mother. "I am glad you are happy, as you are the only one of the family that is. Do you know what has become of your father?"

"Didn't he go away with the king's troops?" Dorothy asked, in no little surprise.

"We have never seen him since the night you went away from us."

"Neither have I. When Percy comes in I'll ask him about it. But he has been so busy since that night I don't believe he knows where he is. You know how badly father treated him, betraying him to——"

"Please don't remind us of that," said her mother, interrupting her. "We have enough to bear without that. If you cannot persuade your husband to protect our property we will all be reduced to beggary—yourself included—for they are going to deprive us of everything we have in the world."

"Well, I'll ask them not to do that. I know that General Wayne thinks a great deal of him, though he is not here now. He will be here soon. I am anxious for you to see him."

"We have seen him," said her mother.

"Have you?"

"Yes, and he was not kind to us."

"You have never been kind to him, mother."

"No. Loyal people and rebels are never kind to each other."

Dorothy smiled and said:

"Let me advise you never to use the word rebel in his hearing unless you want to give offense. Did you ask protection of him?"

"No; we merely asked where you were, and whether he knew where your father was."

Percy came home and found them there, and the end of the matter was a promise of protection on the mother selling to Dorothy one-fourth interest in the estate for one pound in English gold, which Percy paid her.

They went away and did not visit Dorothy again for two weeks.

Dorothy thought it strange and went out to see them. She found her mother and both sisters at home. But they gave her a very cold reception. Mary would not speak to her.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked. "I thought the past was forgiven and here I find every one of you treating me like an outcast."

"Eleanor and Mary say you have been the cause of all their misery," said her mother.

"Why, I have been the cause of their having this roof over their heads!" she exclaimed.

"Percy slew Eleanor's lover and captured Mary's, and both say they can never forgive you."

"Eleanor's lover tried to kill Percy and was himself slain. She thinks Percy should have let the major kill him, I suppose. Mary's lover and father had him a prisoner in this house and had pledged themselves to his death. I never heard of two more ungrateful hussies in my life. Are your feelings that way toward me, mother?"

"No, my child."

"But your manner toward me has changed in two weeks. What is the cause of it?"

"It is you who have changed," her mother answered very coldly.

"Well, I didn't know that. I came to bring you news of father; I'll wait till all of you do a little changing before I tell you about it," and she turned and left the house.

"Dottie—Dottie!" cried her mother, running out after her. "Come back! Where is your father? Eleanor! Mary! Dottie!"

But Dottie never once turned her head. She went out to the gate where the soldier who had acted as her escort or orderly for her assisted her into the saddle, and she rode away.

Two hours later one of the servants came with a note from her mother. She sent it back unopened.

She was mad—outraged—and felt strongly the ingratitude of her two sisters. She knew they had caused all the trouble, and was resolved to disown them herself in the future.

The next day Eleanor came to see her. Dorothy flatly refused to see her, and she went to Percy's quarters, where he was busy enrolling volunteers for his regiment.

She told him what Dorothy had said about having news of her father, and asked:

"Where is he? Can I see him?"

"No; you can't see him without a note from Dorothy. Now will you answer me one question?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Are you and Mary crazy?"

"I don't think we are."

"Well, go home and think over it. Maybe you will think you are then."

She went away and then her mother called on Dorothy, who refused to give her any information. She had none to give, but she let her think otherwise.

A few days later a British spy was caught in the city. He proved to be the lover of Mary Boyle, who had made his escape from the Continentals a few weeks before, and had come into the American lines to see her and spy out the resources of the patriots.

Mary came to him in a panic, and Percy laughed:

"I am not laughing at your misery, Mary, but only at the contrast between two sisters. When I was captured by the king's troops Dorothy dressed up as a British officer, got the password, entered the prison and led me out in broad daylight. She had grit and cunning. Why don't you show yourself worthy to be the sweetheart of a soldier?"

"Dottie isn't afraid of anything."

"Well, I heard her scream at sight of a mouse the other day. I am not going to try to save a British spy. You must reply on yourself."

She went away and Percy heard nothing more from her. That evening a courtmartial condemned the spy to be hanged at sunrise the day following.

During the night a minister in his robes called at the prison to see him, and was with him an hour. When he came out he bowed gravely to the guards and passed on.

The next morning, when the officer to whom was assigned the duty of seeing the spy properly executed entered the prison room for the spy, he was astonished to find another person there.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Mary Boyle," was the reply

CHAPTER XXII.

SENT THROUGH THE LINES.

The escape of the British spy caused no little excitement in the Continental army.

Col. Greville and his wife were about to sit down to breakfast in their little tavern room when a messenger from Gen. Arnold, who commanded in the city, was announced. He was admitted and said:

"Gen. Arnold wishes to see you at headquarters at once, sir."

"Tell him I shall report forthwith," was the reply.

He kissed Dorothy and immediately set out to go to headquarters.

On the way he met a brother officer, who said:

"That spy escaped last night and left a young woman in his place."

"What?" he gasped.

The officer repeated the news, and Percy asked:

"Who is she?"

"I did not hear her name. She is his sweetheart, of course."

"What will be done with her?"

"I don't know. I hear the general is very angry."

He hastened on and found the impetuous Arnold in a furious rage.

He saluted him and said:

"You sent for me, general?"

"Yes. Are you a son-in-law of John Boyle?"

"I am, and my wife is as staunch a patriot as any that live."

"Has she a sister named Mary?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, she visited that spy in his prison last night in the garb of a minister. He went out in that garb and she is there now—your sister-in-law."

"They are lovers, general, and the news does not surprise me in the least. My wife entered the same prison in the uniform of a British officer and brought me out in full daylight. Loyalty to love is always stronger than loyalty to kings."

Arnold turned and gave him a searching glance, after which he asked:

"Are you sure your wife did not aid her sister? Blood is thicker than water, they say."

"I am sure she did not, general, for the reason that her mother and sisters have never forgiven her for marrying me."

"Well, I shall send this girl beyond our lines at once. You had better see to that yourself. Tell her I'll hang her if she returns here while I am in command."

Percy bowed, saluted and left the presence of the general. He immediately went to the prison to see Mary.

She looked up defiantly at him as he entered and asked:

"Have they sent you to hang me?"

"No. I am to take you away from here and send you to New York. You are to be hanged only when you return."

She sprang to her feet and seemed like one who had just received a reprieve from death.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked.

"Yes. You are to go with me at once."

"I am glad. To whom am I indebted for so much kindness?"

"To the officers of the Continental army who, you will please notice, are quite different from those of the king's."

She was silent for a while and then remarked:

"I shall return only with the king's army."

"That would be safest," he replied.

Later in the day he placed her upon a good horse and rode out of the city at the head of his command with her.

The soldiers did not know who she was or where she was

going. They saw that he treated her with great respect, though, and wondered why she was with them.

They crossed the river near Trenton and encamped for the night, Mary stopping in a farmhouse close by.

The next morning, when he went to the house for her, he found she was gone.

She had slipped out of the house, saddled her horse and gone away.

"Well, that saves me a good deal of bother," Percy said to himself, when he found she had really gone. "She was suspicious, no doubt, and thought it best to make her escape while she could. I am glad she is gone."

He remained there all that day securing provender for his men and horses, after which he moved in the direction of Bordentown and spent another day near the river there.

During the night a scout came in and said he had seen quite a large body of British dragoons on the main road some miles east of where he then was.

"Which way were they going?" Percy asked.

"Toward Trenton," he replied.

"It is probable they are looking for us. I hope they may find us," and he sent out his scouts in every direction to prevent a surprise. A little after midnight he sent his wagons with an immense amount of forage across the river with four companies as guard, and then pushed eastward to strike the old Trenton and Brunswick road, believing the dragoons would go along that highway on their return to New York.

He stopped at daylight and waited to hear from his scouts. Just three hours after sunrise he heard a bugle to the south of him.

"Ah, there they are! They are coming this way, boys, and we'll have a chance to cross swords with them. Follow me, comrades!" and he dashed off in the direction of Trenton.

Half an hour later they saw the dragoons half a mile away from the crest of a hill. The redcoats at once prepared to charge.

Percy turned to his men and sung out:

"There they are, men! We have whipped them before and can do it again! Let every man make sure of a redcoat with his pistol before we cross swords with them!"

"They always charge with the saber and use their pistols afterwards. Keep cool and do your best, and we'll scatter them to the winds. Charge!"

He dashed forward and the entire command followed him.

The redcoats came on at full speed to meet them halfway.

Percy's old company of scouts was the first to meet them. They emptied a score of saddles with their pistols, very much to the astonishment of the enemy, and then drew their sabers.

That volley gave the patriots an immense advantage in breaking the shock of the charge, as it placed about a score of riderless horses directly in front of the enemy.

It was that shock that Percy most dreaded, for he knew what an immense force lay concealed in the impetus of a disciplined body of horsemen.

"Steady, patriots!" cried Percy. "Down with the king!"

"Down with rebels!" cried the redcoats, and the din of battle filled the air.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TWO DUELS.

Percy knew that at least half his men had never been in a battle before, hence he felt uneasy.

Dashing up to the captain of a company in the rear, which did not have a chance at the enemy, he sung out:

"Strike their left out there, captain—quick! Give 'em bullets first and then the saber!"

"Charge!" yelled the captain, who was a brave fellow, and the men obeyed like old veterans.

The patriots gave them a shower of bullets and another score of saddles was emptied. The redcoats were thrown back on the defensive in a moment.

Percy hurled another company on the right, sending bullets in advance of them.

The dragoons then began to use their pistols, too, and saddles on both sides were emptied, and bloody work followed quick and fierce.

"Ah, Mendith!" exclaimed Percy, on seeing the officer in command of the enemy was the same one with whom he had once before fought a pitched battle. "Defend yourself! Down with the king!" and he spurred his black steed toward the British officer.

Mendith was a brave man and met him halfway with the cry of:

"Down with rebels!"

"Down with the king!" responded Percy, and the next instant their sabers clashed. Scores of men on both sides watched the fight, as if willing to let the two leaders decide the issue.

Percy's sword passed through the body of the brave Briton, who threw up his arms and fell from his horse.

"Here, you traitor!" called out another British officer, spurring his horse full at Percy. "Come to your death!"

Percy dashed at him and another duel to the death ensued.

The Briton, however, was no match for Percy Greville.

He fell as Mendith fell, and a little later the dragoons themselves gave way. Then followed a running fight for miles, in which quite a number of dragoons were captured.

Percy pursued them about ten miles and then called off his men, fearing to go any farther in that direction. They gathered about him and cheered him to the skies. They had whipped the dragoons in a fair fight in an open field and felt proud of the fact.

They rode back to the scene of the first attack, gathering arms and horses as they went. On the field they found upwards of three score of the enemy, dead and wounded.

As he was engaged in ascertaining his own loss in the fight an officer came running up to Percy and said:

"We have found Miss Boyle among the dead, colonel!"

"What!" he exclaimed, turning pale at the very thought of such a catastrophe. "Where is she?"

"Come and see!"

He went with him and was horrified at seeing Mary Boyle lying across the body of the young British officer with whom he fought after slaying Mendith.

"This is awful!" he said, as he leaned over and looked at the face of the unfortunate girl. "I never saw her during the fight. She must have come here after the battle was over. Does any one here recognize this dead officer?"

Quite a number of officers and men looked at the dead Briton, and at last one, a lieutenant, said:

"He is the spy, the one she aided to escape the other night, sir."

A surgeon came up and examined the girl a few minutes.

"She is not dead, colonel," he said. "I think she has merely fainted."

"God grant it is true!" exclaimed Percy, impulsively. "She is the sister of my wife, but loyal to the king."

Half an hour later she was conveyed to the house of a patriot farmer near by, and by the aid of restoratives was brought back to consciousness.

As soon as she came to she began to wring her hands and bewail the death of her lover. Turning to Percy, she cried out:

"You slew Eleanor's lover before her eyes! You carried my father off and we have not seen him since! You have slain him I loved! Draw your sword and run it through my heart to finish your work of death!"

"Mary! Mary! This is war!" exclaimed Percy. "He attacked me and I defended myself. My heart bleeds for you. I would rather have died than have this happen."

She was inconsolable and soon became unconscious again. Percy paid the patriot farmer a sum in gold to keep her in his family till she was well and strong again, or as long as she remained, after which he mounted Selim and rode away at the head of his men.

The news of his victory filled the hearts of the patriots with joy. The Continentals cheered his name when they heard it. Wayne sent him scurrying here and there, keeping him so busy he did not see his wife again in months.

The summer passed and winter came with its ice and snow, forcing a suspension of hostilities for a time. In the early spring the carnage began again, and Percy Greville was in the field day and night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Percy Greville was sent down into Virginia with his regiment, where he met the enemy in some pretty hot engagements.

In one of them he came near capturing a British general. He secured his baggage and letters, some of which were of great importance. He sent them to the commander-in-chief.

One day he met a party of officers at the headquarters of Gen. Wayne; one was a Col. Miller, to whom he was introduced.

"Colonel," said Miller, "I believe we are brothers-in-law."

"Ah! I didn't know that!" said Percy.

"Yes; I married Eleanor Boyle a month ago."

"Good heavens!" gasped Percy.

Miller laughed and said:

"She is the worst rebel in the country, I believe."

Percy whistled and asked:

"But what does she think of me?"

"She is proud of you. I am surprised your wife has not written you about it."

"I have not heard from her in two months. Have been in the saddle nearly all the time."

"She was present when we were married and was looking well."

Percy was the most surprised man in the army.

A month later Percy was ordered north, and his regiment passed through Philadelphia. He found that Dorothy had gone back to her mother's to live.

It was a joyful meeting.

Eleanor came forward with outstretched hand and smiles of welcome. He caught her in his arms and kissed her, saying:

"I heard you had turned rebel, and could cry out 'Down with the king!' louder than I could."

"She can indeed," exclaimed Dorothy, "and I have heard her do it."

"The king's name is doomed in America. Have you heard from Mary?"

"No, not a word since she left the city a year ago."

"Well, my regiment will pass along the same road where I left her, and I'll stop and inquire for her."

"We will go with you," said Dorothy, "Eleanor and I. We have good horses and know the way back home."

"I shall be glad to have you go," and the next day the two sisters rode away with him at the head of his regiment.

That night the regiment encamped on the Borden farm. Percy hurried on to the house with the two ladies. The family were about to sit down to supper. They looked through the window and saw Mary assisting the farmer's wife, looking well and happy.

Knocking at the door, the old farmer himself opened it. Both Dorothy and Eleanor darted past him and ran into the dining-room, crying out:

"Mary! Sister!" and in another moment they had her clasped in their arms.

Mary seemed to be equally glad to see them, introducing them to Mrs. Borden as her mother.

"What! Mother, did you say?" cried Dorothy.

"Yes, mother of my husband!" replied Mary. "I've been married to Henry Borden three months now. He is captain in Gen. Putnam's command."

"Percy! Percy!" cried Dorothy, running back to meet her husband. "Mary is a rebel, too!" and the happiest meeting ever known by the three sisters followed.

Henry Borden came home to recover from a wound a few weeks after Mary was left at his father's house, and she helped to nurse him back to life and health. They were both young and romantic, so they fell in love with each other and married.

In all ages of the world Cupid has proven himself stronger

in the hearts of men and women than the most famous kings and queens.

The next day Percy took leave of the three sisters and pushed northward. He never saw his wife again until a year had passed. But a great event had occurred on the plains of Saratoga, where the British army had laid down their arms before the brave Continentals. Percy Greville and his men were honorably mentioned in the reports of the battles that preceded the surrender.

The battlefield was then transferred to Virginia again, and once more Col. Greville marched his brave veterans through Philadelphia on his way South. He found himself the father of a bouncing boy, whom he named George Washington Greville. Eleanor was also a mother, and Mary was with them in the old home, all united and patriotic to the core.

The war waged in the South was a bloody one. Gates was overwhelmed by Cornwallis at Camden, and Green had to conduct a wonderful retreat to save his army from destruction. The British commander pushed on after him through North Carolina and fought the undecisive battle of Guilford Court House, after which he entered Virginia.

Washington formed a junction with the French forces and brought him to bay at Yorktown, where Greville's scouts did hard work for weeks, till the host finally surrendered, ending the war and securing the independence of America forever.

The news of the surrender of Cornwallis created such joy among the patriots that some actually died from it. The old patriot who rang the Liberty Bell on the Fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Continental Congress, died of joy.

Percy returned home, and was given the commission of a brigadier-general. His wife and all her people were proud of him and his fame.

But the widow of John Boyle began to make inquiries as to her husband's fate. Gen. Wayne told her he had died, and was buried somewhere in the forests below Valley Forge. He assured her he had not been hanged, as she feared he had. But she never knew how he died.

Percy Greville afterward became a senator of the United States, lived to the age of sixty years, and died honored by all the nation.

THE END.

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